

The Catholic Guardian

"I BELIEVE IN ONE HOLY CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH."

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 27, 1872.

NO. 7.

News of the Week.

[PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN.]

HOME.

—In Inyo, "earthquakes as usual."
—At Oakland, the real estate business is looking up.
—Heavy rains have fallen, of late, in Lower California.
—Los Angeles has subscribed \$1,000 for the Inyo sufferers.
—In Utah Territory, small-pox prevails to an alarming extent.
—Rich gold and silver mines have been discovered in Alaska.
—The Oakland Hibernians will hold a picnic at Humboldt Park, next Sunday.
—The heavy frosts of last week destroyed a great portion of the peach crop in Sierra County.
—The Santa Clara Agricultural Society will give \$4,000 worth of premiums the present season.
—At Memphis, a shock of earthquake was felt on the morning of the 20th inst., creating great alarm.
—Heavy freshets have occurred in the interior of Georgia, and much damage has been done to railroads.
—A gang of Mormon messengers of evil (we like the phrase) leave for Europe, May 1st. Most of them are unwilling to go.
—The Sacramento *Record* has changed hands. Under new management, the paper, it is to be hoped, will have a brighter record.
—At San Jose, the Sisters of Notre Dame contemplate establishing a day school for boys. It will probably commence next session.
—The yield of gold, silver, wool, wine and wheat in California, this year, will be immensely greater than that of any former season.
—At Boston, the French residents have, up to the present time, raised \$631 55 towards the fund for paying off the French indemnity.
—The snow in the mining camps of the Little Cottonwood district, Utah, is about fourteen feet deep on the level, and many houses are buried.
—In the Empire City there is a serious split in the Internationale. Section 12, headed by Woodhull, wishes to have supreme authority in America.
—The meeting of the International Association held at Dasherway Hall, in this city, on the evening of the 24th, was, in every respect, a melancholy fizzle.
—In compliance with a notice given by the City Marshal of Lowell, Mass., all bars are closed, and neither liquor, beer nor cider, can be obtained publicly.
—We glean from Vallejo papers, that the crops in the Montezuma hills are in the finest possible condition, and a heavy yield is expected from them. A portion of wheat there has already commenced hewing out.
—The Blackfoot Indians, erewhile honest, are, if we may credit the Helena (Montana) *Gazette*, worse than footpads or blacklegs, inasmuch as, we are told, they "ran off a lot of horses from Deep Creek Valley, last week."
—A Washington special says the question of consequential damages stands as before, so far as the Executive Department of the Government is concerned, and it is the opinion of Gen. Banks that the demand will be sustained in the House by more than a two-thirds vote.
—It is proposed to hold an Irish National Convention on the 3d of June, to be composed of representatives of the different Irish organizations, for the purpose of reporting a plan of organization whereby all Irishmen could work as a unit for the independence of their native land.
—Advices from San Benito of April 23d, mention that the stage from Hollister was robbed by two highwaymen on Saturday last. The robbers succeeded in getting about one hundred and fifty dollars from the passengers. They also cut open the mail sacks, robbing them of their contents.
—An atrabilious Carson contemporary paints Spring in Nevada as "miserable, cold, bleak, cloudy, head-aching, heart-breaking, energy-destroying, cheerless days and earth-quaky nights." "Incedo per ignes," said Edmund Burke, was his motto: "Scribo per nive" may stand for that of our Nevada contemporary.
—The Union Pacific Railway is making a survey for a narrow gauge railroad from Pillsbury up the South fork of the Platte River to Greeley, Denver, and the Golden City, to connect with the Colorado Central, which is building to Central City. This will give the Union Pacific an independent line into the heart of Colorado.
—Serious charges have been made against the management of some of the Indian Reservations in Arizona. Indian agents, it is stated, fraudulently appropriate to their own use materials sent for their wards, and Redmen of the most peaceful tribes are systematically allowed to go without proper food or clothing, though both are paid for in abundance by the Government. *Cosas de los Estados Unidos*, thinks THE GUARDIAN.
—The population of New Mexico is returned by last census at 90,393 whites 172 colored, and 1,309 Indians (non-tribal). Pueblo or village Indians and those on reservations are estimated at 18,800, making a total population of 109,674. Utah has a population of 86,786, of whom 86,044 were whites, 445 Chinese, and 179 Indians. The population has, however, probably been augmented by a few thousands since the census was made. Both Territories, the most populous of the nine under the care and guardianship of the National Government, are, just now, seeking admission into the family of States.

—Apropos of the efforts of certain parties to punish with vigor the Goat Island project, and to obtain the ownership or control of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the *Alta* suggests that another line of railroad, to St. Louis, should be aided and fostered. According to our contemporary, the line in question must be so strong, from its length and position, aided by two great cities, that it can, when completed, extend, if needs be, its claim for the Asiatic traffic across the Pacific, by another line of steamships.

—In view of the fact that, according to the Los Angeles *Express*, the bearing orange trees, at that place, are already generally in full bloom, and the groves odoriferous with the perfume of orange flowers, it is by no means surprising to THE GUARDIAN that the political and religious views of ex-Governor Downey should, of late have assumed a decidedly Orange tinge. Orange flowers, we all know, are redolent of Hymen; but where is the ring wherewith—in imitation, probably, of the nuptials of the Doge of Venice and the Adriatic—our ex-Gubernatorial functionary has wedded the Boyne?

—Apropos of the diplomatic imbroglio known as the Alabama Claims, Sir Edward Thornton, her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, has been kind enough to avow, at the celebration of St. George's Society in the Federal capital on the evening of the 23rd instant, that the government of the United States "has an undoubted right to its own opinion," the British Lion notwithstanding. In the close, unhealthy atmosphere of St. George's banquet hall, the British Minister's announcement is cool, if not, under all the circumstances, positively refreshing. In the futile effort, to evade the consequences of British bad faith and enormous blundering, Sir Edward tries to wriggle out of the difficulty in this wise:

No one, I believe, supposes that the British Commissioners had any idea, the slightest idea, that indirect damages were included in that treaty. A subsequent and thorough examination of the treaty and its working, has not persuaded them to the contrary, but has rather confirmed them in their original and publicly proclaimed belief. It has an undoubted right to its own opinion. I can not, however, but hope that the present attempt to apply the great principle of arbitration may not fail on account of the misunderstanding, and that a solution seems possible between two great nations of about equal power. It is dignified, generous and magnanimous, to waive claims for payment, which one of them thinks herself entitled to; it is impossible for the other to be bound by a decision which renders her a debtor for a claim which she does not admit she ever agreed to submit to arbitration. I can see such solution, and am convinced that such solution would be applauded by all the nations of the world, and it would do honor to the great republic of the United States.

In the role of Lord Dunderbary pitchforked by a Liberal administration into high office, Sir Edward Thornton would, we think, whatever may be thought of his diplomatic *fiasco*, be a brilliant success. His Excellency should not, however, essay the character on New York boards. Let him stick, by all means, to St. George's banquet hall at Washington where, amidst British lies, his efforts will be sure of hearty recognition.

—Without wishing to encroach upon the held which Mr. Green, in his *Land Paper*—the best paper of its class in the United States—has made his own, we may summarize here, albeit *hand passibus aequis*, our gleanings from State exchanges in regard to agricultural prospects. In Napa, we learn, the crops are safe. The Napa *Reporter* chronicles that in Berryness valley, the crops look better than ever before. The farmers succeeded better than in other sections in getting all their lands sown. The yield promises to be immense. The great want, it seems, of the people in that valley is a railroad. All the way up Napa valley the grain crop—what was put in—looks very well. In many parts of the valley the grain is growing so rapidly that fears are entertained that it will fall down. The fruit crop, it is stated, promises to be excellent. In Santa Barbara, the *Press* mentions that no damage has been done by the almost unprecedented frost in April, though further south, in Los Angeles County, at Anaheim, the grape crop is said to be almost ruined. The Los Angeles *Express* says the damage in that section is variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$150,000. In some parts of the State, upland sugar cane is growing well. We read in the Grass Valley *Republican*: Grass Valley and Nevada City for fifteen years have been the two largest and finest mining towns in the State. They still maintain their supremacy, and we see no reason why they may not continue to do so, for as many years to come. The wealth that is hidden away in the mines that surround them, is just beginning to be appreciated. Hitherto a fear has prevailed that the larger proportion of the gold in the gravel and quartz mines had been taken out, and that the mining interest must necessarily decline. The belief is strong now that not one-fifth—perhaps not one-tenth of the gold that will yet be taken out, has been exhausted.

FOREIGN.

—In Mexico, the chances of internal peace are painfully remote.

—France has forbidden the exportation of powder to this country.

—Versailles prisons hold twenty-two Communists condemned to death.

—Premier Gladstone has promised to endow a Catholic University in Ireland.

—At Madrid, General Del Rey, Minister of War, has resigned, and been succeeded by Admiral Zabala.

—The French silk trade is agitated by an apprehended tax of four per cent. on raw silk, contemplated by the French Government.

—Edmonia Lewis, the American sculptress of African descent, at Rome, is making her fortune on the orders received from English lovers of art. Miss Lewis, it will be remembered, is a Catholic.

—The Paris police have arrested Lutz, the leader of the incendiaries under the Commune, and probably the reddest rascal in France.

—In the French capital, the Archbishop of that city has, according to a cable telegram of April 20th, issued decrees promulgating the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

—The French Trans-Atlantic and the American Atlantic Telegraph Companies will lay new cables at once. The latter company will construct a line from Milford Haven, in Wales, to Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

—Australia is not self-supporting; as a colony she cost England about \$1,000,000 last year. Next to gold, her great product is wool. The North American possessions cost England over \$5,000,000 annually.

—The President of the Republic of France has recovered from his severe indisposition. *Salute refectus*, the chief of the French people will, it is to be hoped, pursue a more honest policy towards the Holy See.

—In some parts of Ireland, we regret to record, small-pox and fevers are prevailing in epidemic form. Harvest prospects are, it is reported, gloomy, and the winter crops, it is feared, will prove much less than usual.

—The London *Daily News* says that the dissolution of the Gladstone Cabinet, and succession by a Conservative Ministry, is probable before the close of the week, and that there will be a general election of members of Parliament during the latter part of the week.

—The Sovereign Pontiff gave an audience on April 21st to two thousand citizens of Rome. His Holiness addressed the visitors, thanking them for their devotion to the Holy See, and reproaching the Piedmontese Government and other powers for usurping the rights of the Church.

—Rio Janeiro advices announce the arrival at the Brazilian capital of the Emperor and Empress. The London *Times* strongly urges Parliament to adopt the motion Lord Russell intends to introduce, as an address to the Crown, for the suspension of the proceedings before the Geneva Tribunal, unless the American claims for indirect damages are withdrawn.

A band of robbers recently removed the rails on the Madrid and Andalusia Railway, between Valdapeñas and Manzanera, and stopped the mail train. They then made an attack on the train, which was resisted by the guards. Shots were exchanged, and one of the guards, an officer, and a passenger, were wounded. The bandits finally gained possession of the cars and took all the money they could find, some \$15,000. The brigands in question, it seems to THE GUARDIAN, were, in all probability, members of the great "Liberal" party, whose policy, in Spain and Italy, is robbery on a grand as well as on a petty scale.

While Liberalism is deluging Spain with Catholic blood, and if we may judge from cable despatches of April 24th, shooting priests—throughout the Basque Provinces as in the South and West of Ireland, ever the faithful vindicators of the ancient faith—anti-Catholic intolerance once more rears its crest in the British dominions. Telegraphic advices from London, of the 23d instant, state that a bill has been introduced into the House of Commons for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into the character and rapid increase of monastic institutions in England. The organ of British Parliamentary bigotry asserts that grave abuses exist in religious houses and that "women are forced into convents against their will." The Protestant Star Chamber proposes, forsooth, to reform Catholic discipline! *Risum teneatis?*

The Carlist excitement still prevails in Spain. Don Carlos, it is reported, has promised his adherents to appear in person in Navarre, whither reinforcements are hurrying. The Infante, Don Alfonso, brother of the King (*de jure*) having arrived at Marseilles *en route* to the Peninsula was informed by the French authorities that he could not be permitted to approach the Spanish frontier. The Infante, it is stated, was notified to leave French territory and proceed to Switzerland, with which request the youthful Prince complied. To one who, like the present writer, knows something from personal experience of Spain and the Spaniards, the absence from the scene of conflict in the Basque Provinces, at the present juncture, of men like Zumalacarrequi—the hero of the first Carlist war—must be regretted by all lovers of the ancient *fueros* of Northern Spain and all loyal adherents *al cochilo* of the Catholic cause. Captains of the stamp of the O'Donnells would now be worth millions to the cause of order and Religion. Under such leaders, indeed, would tumble down the rotten Savoyard platform, and speedy would be the fall of it.

The latest mail advices from Europe treat largely of the threatening relations between Germany and France. From London financial circles comes a report that Russia is at the back of France, and is making preparations for an aggressive war against Germany on a gigantic scale. European capitalists are acting with caution and regard the future with distrust. The Bank of England is using its best efforts to encourage speculation and strengthen its own condition. France still owes Germany six hundred million dollars, and Germany still holds as security the six eastern Department of France with about 40,000 men. If Thiers should make up his mind that the time has arrived, it is in his power to throw against this force with suddenness 450,000. Reports received at Berlin from Germans in France assert that Thiers has 435,000 men and arms ready to move. They are excellently drilled, and toughened by life in huts and fields. This is said to be in fact about double the effective force with which Napoleon began the last war. As to the alliance with Russia, Thiers, in his adjournment speech claimed that France had allies, but had no intention to make war.

The latest cable advices state that the adherents of Don Carlos, King (*de jure*) of Spain, have been victorious in two engagements with the troops of Don Amadeus, of the House of Savoy, in Biscay. The conflict, it is anticipated, will be severe. Ten thousand vindicators of Spanish loyalty are, it is estimated, already in the field. Don Carlos' wife will, it is reported, accompany him throughout the campaign. The recent arrest of the King's brother, Don Alfonso, at Marseilles was, it appears, the result of a prearranged plan of the Carlists to divert attention from the King. The French Government has placed a cordon of troops along the frontier to arrest any Spanish refugees found on French soil. In Biscay and Navarre—the scene of Zumalacarrequi's olden triumphs, the standard of National Right which Pelagius bore, during the Morisco invasion of the Peninsula—

"When Cava's traitor sire first called the band
That dyed Spain's mountain streams with Gothic gore"
waves, like the Labarum of Constantine, in pure Catholic effulgence, striking terror in the souls of Savoyard mercenaries and infidels.

Literature, Science and Art.

[PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN.]

—Theodore Parker wished that Protestant ministers and lecturers would be a little more generous of thought and more stingy of words.

—Among the literary remains of Prevost-Paradol, late French Minister at Washington, is a "defence of suicide," which derives more than usual interest from the voluntary death of its talented author.

—"Nations," said Kossuth once, in one of his most eloquent speeches, "can carry nothing with words." An extensive vocabulary and a glib utterance appear to be all that is left to the villifiers of the Holy See.

—The *Edinburgh Review* relates an anecdote of M. de Saint-Beuve. He once fought a duel. When the principles took their position it was raining hard. Saint-Beuve had his pistol in one hand, and with the other hand he held up his umbrella. The seconds protested. "I have no objection to being killed," said he; "but as to being wet—no!"

—Since the death of Grillparzer, the eminent German poet, it has been ascertained that he was too poor to marry the lady to whom he was engaged since his twenty-fourth year. She survives him. A Vienna paper says: "If Grillparzer had not received a small pension from the Austrian Government, he would have starved to death, or, like Feuerbach, he would have been obliged, to the disgrace of Germany, to appeal to public sympathy." Yet certain writers contend that it is only in Catholic countries that literary men are poor and *oscurantisti* flourish.

—Johann Strauss, the eminent Austrian composer, has been engaged by the famous Irish *maestro*, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, to direct the monster orchestra at the next grand Boston Jubilee. The alliance between the distinguished marshals of the musical baton may, THE GUARDIAN thinks, be regarded as the roseate dawn, in the New World, of an era of harmony among Teutons and Celts. In the old, the superb operas of the great Irish composers, Balfe and Vincent Wallace, have, in spite of the Franco-Prussian War, maintained their popularity at Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Vienna.

In making an excavation on the banks of the Amoor River, a stone axe of nephrite, or jade, and beautifully finished, was found at a depth of about three feet. This fact is the more interesting as it bears upon the question in regard to the celebrated stone-tipped arrows which were used by the primeval inhabitants of Manchouria as late as the twelfth century. It was with arrows winged with eagles' feathers and tipped with nephrite points, that this people paid their tribute to China while they were under its dominion. The precise locality of nephrite, in Manchouria, is unknown, although it is stated, by some, to have been on a mountain to the north-west of that country.

The King of Sweden is the greatest poet, the Emperor of Germany the greatest soldier, the Emperor of Austria the greatest linguist, the King of Bavaria the greatest musician, the King of Saxony the greatest scholar, the King of the Sub-Alpine dominions the greatest hunter, the King of Belgium the greatest dancer, the Czar of Russia the greatest smoker, among the sovereigns of Europe. The time is past, however, when Napoleon III, the confederate of Cavour and the partner of Victor Emmanuel in the spoliation of the Sovereign Pontiff, was proclaimed the greatest of European statesmen. Of the ex-Emperor's successor as Dictator of Europe, Prince von Bismarck, it may be predicted that his turn will come next. Nor will his fall be less ignominious than that of his Imperial victim. *Che sara sara!*

Among the curiosities of Literature worthy of commemoration by some future Isaac D'Israeli, THE GUARDIAN may point to the Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg's catalogue of rare works on the dialects of New Spain and Central America, forming a part of his library. The learned Abbe has, we are informed, twenty works on the Maya language of Yucatan, fourteen on the Quiche of Mexico, and twenty-five on the Nahuatl of Mexico. These early grammars and vocabularies of the American languages, called "Artes," are perhaps the rarest works in the whole range of the book trade. The glorious Spanish confessors and missionaries of a former age would best appreciate such philological treasures. They are gone, and with them has departed the literary glory of Iberian Republics in the New World. It is Calderon, the Catholic Poet of the Catholic Kingdom, who sings—

"*Asi, Cipriano, son
Todas las glorias del mundo!*"

—Why a camarilla of French infidels like Victor Hugo, Edmond About, and others, who villify, in very dubious verses, the princes of the Church in Italy, are not poets, in the true meaning of the word, any more than Voltaire was a master of immortal song, is, in a measure, accounted for by Henry Taine, himself a Frenchman, and a critic of some pretensions: "When the Frenchman conceives an event or an object, he conceives quickly and distinctly; there is no internal disturbance, no previous fermentation of confused and violent ideas, which, becoming concentrated and elaborated, end in a noisy outbreak. The movement of his intelligence is nimble and prompt, like that of his limbs; at once, and without effort, he seizes upon his idea. But he seizes that alone; he leaves on one side all the entangling offshoots whereby it is entwined and twisted among its neighboring ideas; he does not embarrass himself with nor think of them: he detaches, plucks, touches but slightly, and that is all. He is deprived, or, if you prefer it, he is exempt from those sudden half-visions which disturb a man, and open up to him, instantaneously, vast deeps and far perspectives. Images are excited by internal commotion; he, not being so moved, imagines not. He is only moved superficially; he is without large sympathy; he does not perceive an object as it is, complex and combined, but in parts, with a discursive and superficial knowledge. That is why no race in Europe is less poetical."

Ecclesiastical.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

DIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Last Sunday afternoon, the Second Quarterly Meeting of the Catholic Sunday School Union took place in the basement of St. Mary's Cathedral. Mr. Nolan, the Recording Secretary, read the annexed second Quarterly Report:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21st, 1872.

The interest manifested by the Most Reverend Archbishop and Clergy in the proceedings of our late reunion has served not only to strengthen and increase our Association, but has also been the means of creating and building up new local organizations and adding renewed life and energy to the entire system of Sunday Schools throughout the city. Nor have its good results been confined to this city alone. Throughout the State and in the large cities of the East the news of our first reunion and its success has been hailed as an omen of brighter days for the youth of California. The Catholic journals of the East, commenting on the rapid progress made during the first quarter of our organization, call the attention of similar societies to the fact, and advise them to be on the watch for any improvement we may introduce in our system of imparting the Christian doctrine to the young. Rev. George H. Doane, of the diocese of Newark, in answer to a communication from Mr. Thomas, our Recording Secretary, congratulates the members of the Union, and promises to send a copy of the new edition of their Constitution.

At many of the Churches during the last quarter large numbers of the children have received the Sacrament of Confirmation from the hands of His Grace, the Archbishop, and very successful examinations have been held at St. Joseph's, St. Bridget's, and St. Peter's, at which His Grace was kind enough to be present and address the children.

THE NUMBER OF SCHOOLS

represented in the Union has been increased to nine, by the addition of Mission Dolores and Holy Cross Sunday Schools, and the number of members on the roll of the Union to eighty-six during the quarter.

At our last meeting it was unanimously agreed to select St. Charles Borromeo as the Patron Saint of the Union; the zeal which he displayed in the instruction of youth pointing him out as the most proper patron for the teachers of the Christian doctrine.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

At St. Mary's the Sunday School is now held in the afternoon, at two o'clock. Formerly, the session was held in the morning after nine o'clock Mass, for the boys; but at that hour the clergy found it impossible to bestow on the children their personal supervision. The attendance of the boys has not decreased in consequence of the change of their hour of meeting. The children are classified in three divisions—those who are learning their prayers, those preparing for Confirmation and Communion, and those who have already received the Sacraments; these last form a distinct society, and receive Holy Communion in a body, on the first Sunday of the month.

The exercises consist in praying, singing appropriate hymns, catechism, followed by a short instruction by one of the clergy. It is proposed to initiate the more advanced children in the vespers chant, and, should the necessary permission be given, to have benediction of the most Holy Sacrament once a month. Connected with the Sunday School is a library, which the children seem to appreciate, judging by their desire to read the books, and which serves to diffuse useful reading among their parents and friends. Copies of the *Young Catholic*, *Guardian Angel* and the *Young Crusader*, are given gratuitously to all the children, without exception.

The number of teachers is about thirty-five, who are regular in their attendance, and manifest great interest in the instruction of the children. The Superintendents of the Sunday School are, Mr. Andrew D. Kennitt, Miss L. Armor and Miss Collins. Great credit is due to the officers and teachers for the zeal they display in assisting the pastor in promoting the welfare of the children by word and example.

ST. FRANCIS.

St. Francis' Sunday School is also held at two o'clock. The pastor is always present and takes an active part in everything connected with the children of the parish. The exercises are similar to St. Mary's. The pastor is assisted by a Christian Doctrine Society, consisting of a Superintendent, two vice-Superintendents, and about forty-three teachers, including a number who teach the Spanish classes. The Society is, perhaps, the oldest of the kind in this city. Its first President was John Tighe, who devoted many years to the good work when few were found willing to turn aside from the pursuit of wealth to gain that reward which is promised to those who instruct others to justice. Much care has been devoted to the instruction of a large number of the children in preparation to receive the Sacrament, and this morning they had the happiness of receiving first Communion and Confirmation.

ST. PATRICK'S.

Sunday School is held in the morning, after the quarter-before-nine o'clock Mass—the girls at the Sisters' on Jessie street, and the boys at the new church on Mission Street. The pastor is assisted by a number of teachers under the supervision of Mr. P. J. Sullivan. The facilities of the school at the new church promise, ere long, to place St. Patrick's among the foremost Sunday Schools in the diocese.

I have already mentioned the examinations at St. Joseph's,

ST. BRIDGET'S AND ST. PETER'S.

These schools are well organized and are advancing with rapid strides to perfection. Superintendents Hart—St. Joseph's, Bloomer—St. Bridget's, and Maguire of St. Peter's, are assisted by their respective Christian Doctrine Associations with zeal and devotion; and though younger, they are by no means inferior to schools already mentioned, in their discipline and organization.

MISSION DOLORES.

A Christian Doctrine Society has been lately established here, with Mr. T. J. Welsh, President, and Mr. J. F. Sullivan, Secretary, and has already made some progress in building up a good Sunday School for the boys. The girls are well provided for by the good Sisters of the Convent Notre Dame.

HOLY CROSS.

The Sunday School of Holy Cross was established in March, 1870. The first Superintendent was Mrs. Black, with Miss Norah Buckley as Vice-Superintendent; number of children fifty. The school now numbers two hundred and fifty children, with twenty-five teachers, who are formed into a Christian Doctrine Society, and receive Holy Communion third Sunday of every month; the officers are:

Superintendent, M. Lawton; Vice-Superintendent, D. J. Buckley; Secretary, Miss Lawton; Treasurer, Miss Bany.

ST. IGNATIUS.

This Sunday School, under the direction of Rev. Fathers Nattini and Prelato, is pushing forward with the earnestness and vigor which always characterize the enterprise of the good Fathers of St. Ignatius, and which, coupled with the talented corps of teachers, is a guarantee that the children under their care receive a thorough knowledge of the Christian doctrine.

Of the good Sisters who have charge of a large proportion of our Catholic girls it is unnecessary to say, that their pupils are the best evidence that their zeal and devotion are bearing golden fruits among the children committed to their care, and their charity is only bounded by the limited means and accommodation at their disposal.

During the early portion of the quarter the Secretary was instructed to publish a list of schools and their locations and hours of instruction. The measure was a good one, and had the effect of increasing the attendance at all the schools. But the revenue of the Union being very small, and derived exclusively from the male members of the Union, we were obliged to discontinue the publication for want of funds. To remedy this, and to create a fund for the purchase of premium papers, etc., to be distributed among all our Catholic Sunday Schools, we have sought and obtained permission from our most Reverend Archbishop to have a lecture delivered for the benefit of the Union at some future time, to be hereafter announced, when our patrons will have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of the cause in which we are all engaged. All of which is respectfully submitted.

LAWRENCE NOLAN, Secretary.

After an eloquent address from Rev. Brother Justin, President of St. Mary's College, the Union adjourned to the Cathedral, where benediction was pronounced by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop. We cannot close our notice without echoing the wide-spread feeling of the Catholic community, in regard to the Very Rev. Father Prendergast, the organizer in our midst of Catholic Sunday School victory, and whose bright and finely cultivated intellect illumines, while it stimulates, Catholic effort in every praiseworthy walk of life.

ST. FRANCIS' CHURCH, VALLEJO STREET.

FIRST COMMUNION AND CONFIRMATION.—At St. Francis' Church, on Vallejo Street, on the morning of Sunday last, quite a large number of children—boys and girls—received their first communion from His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop. The boys wore handsome badges and rosettes, and the girls were very neatly dressed in white robes, with wreaths on their heads, and muslin veils fastened to them and flowing gracefully from behind; they also wore crosses or medals hanging about their necks, from a blue ribbon; a zone of blue silk completed their pretty costume. At the Solemn High Mass, His Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to some one hundred and sixty children. Amongst the clergymen assisting the Archbishop, we noticed the Rev. Fathers O'Neil, Henneberry, Aerden and Vallentini. The ceremonies were very impressive, and the choir performed some choice morceaux of sacred music appropriate to the occasion.

DIOCESE OF GRASS VALLEY, CAL.

DEDICATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT CHICO.

On Sunday, April 14th, the Chico Catholic church was dedicated by the Rev. Father Buchard. This church has been built, through the indefatigable exertions of their worthy pastor, the Rev. Father Pettit, by the inhabitants of Chico, who have shown a very liberal spirit.

When its sanctuary shall be finished and decorated, and all its other necessary appendages completed, it will be complete of its kind, and one of the prettiest churches in this section of the State.

It has, even in its present unfinished state, a most pretty and lightsome appearance, which, methinks, ought to be one of the characteristics of a Christian church; for we have enough of gloom in our every-day life, without having it also in our churches.

Dedication commenced at eleven o'clock. The Marysville choir were present on the occasion, having kindly come at Father Pettit's request, and it is needless to mention that its part was nobly filled and that ample justice was done to that noble music which is so much the characteristic and glory of the Catholic Church. But I can not forbear to mention and praise the rendering of "Spouse mi," or offertory piece. It was really exquisite, and competent judges, who have heard and directed choirs, expressed their opinion that it exceeded all they expected, and really delighted them. The Pastor must have, when hearing that piece sung, been really thankful that he procured their assistance, and must have felt proud that justice was being done to the glorious music of his Church, and, at the same time, must have felt that those kind members of the Marysville choir contributed, in no small degree, to the success of the occasion.

The congregation was very large, so much so that many were obliged to remain outside, there being no room inside, and Father Buchard, accompanied and assisted by Fathers Pettit and Coleman, had much difficulty in making his way through the church while performing the ceremony of dedication.

This again shows the liberal spirit of the inhabitants of Chico, and the respect and popularity

which the Catholic pastor enjoys amongst them. The dedication completed, Rev. Father Coleman celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. After the Gospel, Father Buchard delivered the dedication sermon, which was a really beautiful discourse, and given in his usual fine, impressive voice and gesture.

He pointed out and explained, step by step, from the porch to the tabernacle, every object which one's eye meets in a Catholic Church, some of which are so little understood and so much misrepresented by non-Catholics. Commencing, he pointed out that the steeple is, as it were, a finger pointing toward Heaven, and reminding those who are about to enter the Church that they should raise their thoughts above earthly things and look upward toward God, and the future home for which they were made. Then he explained the meaning and use of the vessel of holy water at the door, reminding all of the necessity of washing and purifying their souls, and enabling them to do so when used with the proper disposition. The pious pictures hanging upon the walls inspiring the mind with holy thoughts, and so on with the other articles of piety and devotion, elegantly and beautifully showing their use and meaning. Father Buchard announced that he would preach the opening sermon of the Mission in the evening at half past seven o'clock. Vespers were sung, and the Very Rev. Father gave an able discourse upon the interesting and important subject, "Has Christ left in His Church the power of forgiving sins?" to a large and attentive audience. After sermon, was announced the programme of the Mission.

The exercises concluded with benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, the fitting and proper conclusion to the ceremonies of the day.

May that benediction bring a blessing on that Church there opened and dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, to the people of the place whose generosity and liberality erected it, and to its stirring pastor, through whose untiring exertions another temple of the high, the true God, has been erected.

DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuade has purchased the valuable property on which the old Exchange Hotel stands, on Main Street, Rochester, N. Y., upon which he will have erected a fine building, which will contain a hall and rooms for the Catholic Association, library rooms, gymnasium, etc. This will be a splendid addition to the many fine Catholic institutions of that city.

DIOCESE OF NEW YORK.

SERMON OF FATHER BURKE.

On the afternoon of Sunday last, the Rev. Father Burke preached in the Chapel of the "Xavier Alumni Sodality," attached to the Church and College of St. Francis Xavier, Fifteenth Street, in this city. The admission was by tickets of invitation, which were distributed by the members of the Sodality to their male friends exclusively; but the crowd of applicants for admission was so much larger than the capacity of the Chapel, that at four o'clock the doors had to be closed.

At the conclusion of the Vespers, the Rev. Father Burke ascended to the platform of the altar, and taking his text from the Gospel of the day, (John xx, 19th to 31st verses) he delivered a most impressive sermon upon the prevailing vices and infidelity of the age. We cannot refrain from giving here the peroration of his discourse, which was a magnificent burst of eloquence. He said—addressing the members of the Xavier Alumni Sodality:

Now we come to the mission that you and I have. Grand as is the vision that rises before our eyes when we contemplate the heavenly beauty and graces of our great and mighty Mother, the Church, who has never told a lie, nor ever compromised or kept back the least portion of the eternal and saving truth which mankind should know; and has never tolerated the slightest sin, but to King and peasant has said alike, "be pure, be faithful, or I will cut you off as a rotten branch and cast you into hell,"—grand, I say, as is the spectacle of this glorious Church—wonderful and convincing as are her claims to every man's faith and every man's obedience—if the advocacy of their claims were left to me, and to such as I am, and to the Fathers, the world would scarcely ever be converted. You have your mission, my dear young friends, children of the Church of God; you have your mission—not as preachers, indeed; yet, far more eloquent than the voice of any preacher, in the silent force of example—the example that you must give to those around you, forcing the most unwilling and reluctant to look upon you and to see in you shining forth the glories of your divine religion, "Sit lux lucet omni mundo." He did not say to all, "Go and preach;" only to the twelve. But to all of them He said, "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your work, and that they may give glory to God who is in Heaven." And so I say to you: let your light shine calmly but brightly, that all men may see you, and thus give glory to your Mother, the Church, triumphant in Heaven, and militant for you on earth. It is your mission to avow, bravely, manfully—however, temperately, yet firm as the adamant rock—every sacred principle of Catholicity, and every iota of the teaching of that Church, when she teaches a law; because her destiny is to be the embodiment of truth in this world. "With the heart we believe unto justice." But that is not enough; with the mouth we must make loud confession unto salvation—loud confession! Why? Because the devil is making a loud act

of his faith, filling the world with it, bringing it out everywhere, in books, in newspapers, in speeches, in associations, in schools, in the public academies, in the universities, in the halls of medicine and of law; in the courts, in the Senate—it is the one cry—the harsh, grating cry by which the devil makes this act of detestable faith in himself, and denial of God—an act of faith—an act of diabolical faith that meets us at every turn—strikes and offends every sense of ours with its terrible language. We cannot take up a book that, if we do not find a satyr peering out from its pages, it is the bald, stark daub of some fool, who flings his smut or his infidelity into the sight of God. We cannot turn to a public journal that is not a record of plundering, of villainy, of robbery, and murders, and thefts and defalcations. Why, what would a dictionary of this day of ours look like! It would be filled with modern names—page after page—for these modern sins of which our honest forefathers scarcely knew anything—these sins, the embodiment of the practical immorality of the apostate monk of Wurtemberg. We must oppose this terrible exhibition of evil which the devil makes in our public streets and throughout every organ that comes before us; not only by the strong assertion of our holy faith, but the silent and eloquent example of our purity of life, our uprightness and cleanliness of heart. And therefore it is that in truth, never, perhaps, before was the Word of the Lord so well fulfilled in the children of the Catholic Church as to-day, when he said, "You are the salt of the earth." And so they are the salt of the earth throughout the world. How more in this great country, where we are, as it were, in the spring-time, only breaking up the ground and throwing in the seed from which, one hundred fold, the fruit will come when we are lying in our cold, forgotten graves. The seedlings that we sow to-day, of Catholic faith, of Catholic purity, of Catholic truth, will grow up to a fruit and an abundance so grand, so magnificent, that, perhaps, it is given to us that the ultimate glory of the Church of God shall be the work of our hands and of our lives to-day. It is a great thing to live in the spring-time of a nation; it is a great thing to find oneself at the fountain-head of a stream of mighty national existence that will swell with every age, gaining momentum as it rolls on with the flood of time. It is a great thing to be at the fountain-head of that stream. It is said, with truth—

"The pebble on the streamlet's brink
Has changed the course of many a river;
The dew-drop on the acorn leaf
May warp the giant oak forever."

The river of America's nationality and existence is only beginning to flow to-day, and we should endeavor to direct it into the current of Catholicity. The young oak which is planted to-day, and which will, in all probability, overshadow and overspread the whole earth, was but lately hidden in the acorn-cup. Ah, let us remember, that even a pebble in the hand of the youth, David, hurled against Goliath, struck down the giant. Let us be the pebble in the hand of God that shall strike down this demon—this proud, presumptuous demon of infidelity that has entered into the land, and, taking "seizing" of the whole Continent of America, says "this soil must be mine." Let us be as the pebble in the mountain brook, which turns the stream, that will one day be a mighty river, into the great bed of Catholic truth and Catholic purity that alone can save this land. Let us be as the dew-drop on the acorn-leaf—the dew-drop of Catholic faith, of Catholic intelligence and Catholic morality—the tear, as it were, flowing from the pitying eye of the Saviour, upon the young, sprouting oak of human existence, training it toward Heaven—sending it to Heaven in the national aspiration, in the national action, and not permitting it to be dragged and warped, in this way and that, until it lies a stunted and misbegotten plant, clinging to the earth into which it will fling its leaves—its trunk, stunted and withered, conveying no sap but the sap of religious bigotry and intolerance, and the bitterest juices of foolish sectarianism, of absurd, blind folly, exciting the laughter of all sensible men upon the earth, the indignation of God, and the joy of hell. This is our mission. Say, will you fulfill it? Say, Oh Catholic young men, will you fulfill it? You cannot fulfill it without being thorough-going Catholics; you cannot fulfill it without being joined, heart and soul, with the Church, through the Church's head—through the immutable rock—the supreme governor, the infallible teacher of God's infallible Church. You cannot fulfill this mission until you join with that rivalry of Christian self-denial, the rivalry of Christian purity, and a holy horror of everything hollow and pretentious—a holy horror of shams. There are no shams in the Catholic Church; there is nothing but shams, religious shams, outside of her. You cannot fulfill this mission unless you seek to sanctify your hearts and your lives, and to sweeten those lives by prayer, by confession, and communion; and I congratulate you, that in facing this mission which lies before every Catholic man, you do it, not as individuals, but as a body, as an organization. We live in an age of organizations. There is nothing, everywhere, but organizations for this thing or for that; and nearly all of them belong to the devil. It is fitting that Christ our Lord should have His; it is fitting that the Church should have hers. You are banded together in the name of our Lord and Saviour. You remember that in the Gospel of last Sunday the Evangelist tells us: "These things are written that all men may believe that the Lord Jesus is Christ, the Son of God, and that, believing, they may have life in His name." In His name you are assembled together, bound by common hopes, by a common purpose, which, without interfering at all with your daily duties or your individual liberty, shall bind you together in a unity of thought, of opinion, and of purpose, to act on this great mass of society, in which our mission lies—yours and mine—mine in the Word, mine in labor, mine in undivided thought, for that and nothing but that, or else I also would be a sham; yours, in the manner of which I have spoken to you. And you are banded together under the guidance of these religious men whom the Church honors, by permitting them to take the glorious name of Jesus as their own; of these men who, for three hundred years, have led the van of the Holy Catholic Church in that mighty warfare that is going on, which makes the Church a militant Church; of these men whose fathers before them—the Saints—received first every blow that was intended to strike at the heart of the Church; of these men who are known amongst the religious orders of the Church, and represent the Saviour in his reign of glory, for they rose again at the command of the Sovereign Pontiff; of these men whose name is known in every land, loved with the ardor of Catholic love, hated and detested with the first and most intense hatred of every man that hates the glorious and immaculate Church of Christ; of these men who, for three hundred years, have trained and led the young intellect of Christendom, have stamped upon every young heart that ever came into their hands, the sacred name and the sacred love which is their own title and their most glorious crown. And, therefore, I congratulate you with hope, and a high and well-assured hope, that all that God intends, all that the Church expects at your hands, in this glorious Missionary Society, that all that you will give to God and to His Church, so as to enable Him to repay you ten thousand fold, in glory, in the Kingdom of His everlasting joy!

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given by the Rev. Father Dealey, after which the congregation dispersed.

DEDICATION OF ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH.—The dedication of the new St. Alphonsus Catholic Church, situated on South Fifth Avenue, near Canal Street, took place on the 7th instant. It was originally intended to have a very imposing procession of the various benevolent societies belonging to the Catholic denomination in the city, but on account of the unpropitious weather, this ceremony was postponed until next Sunday. In the morning, the services were conducted by the most Reverend Archbishop McCloskey, assisted by the pastor of St. Alphonsus, the Rev. William Wayrich. Fathers Holzer, De Hain and Kraus also took part in the dedication. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Archbishop of South Carolina. The music was extremely good, being supplied by Liefeld's orchestra of twenty-eight pieces, assisted by a volunteer choir. The edifice is magnificently constructed, and presents a very imposing appearance, not only as regards its architectural proportions, but also in the finish and elegance of its interior fittings. The dimensions of the church are 200 feet long by 150 feet wide, while the height of the roof is 75 feet. The altar is particularly striking, being a rare specimen of artistic design. The carving and embellishments were built at Munich, and are reputed to have cost \$10,000. When completed no less than \$300,000 will have been expended on the church.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN FRANCE.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AND THE BISHOP OF ORLEANS ON THE ROMAN QUESTION.

Some time ago the eyes of the Catholic world were fixed upon Versailles, for that was the only spot from which it had a chance of obtaining an official protest against the injustice of which the Holy See is a victim. But the act for which it looked, the act which the hundred thousand Catholics who had petitioned the Assembly demanded, has been systematically misrepresented. It has been alleged over and over again that the object of the petitioners was a crusade against Italy; and M. Francisque Sarcey, in attacking the recent pastoral of the Archbishop of Paris in favor of Peter's Pence, declares that it is a challenge to Government to declare war. Nothing could have been more false. The utmost scope of the petitions was not even an overt protest against Italy, but a simple abstention from the kind of recognition involved in sending the Minister of France to reside in Rome. But if Catholics did not expect much, they have not been less disappointed. This is what occurred on Friday week: Mgr. Dupanloup was about to speak to demand the fixing of the discussion on the petitions for the next day, when M. Thiers signed to him, and, after a few words of private explanation, himself ascended the tribune. After explaining that he had given regular notice of his intention to speak, and thanking the Bishop of Orleans for giving way to him, he said that the Government had consented to accept the debate when it came on, and was ready to redeem that pledge; but that after several weeks' consideration, it had come to the conclusion that the discussion would be dangerous to the very interests which it was intended to serve. The Government, he added, had nothing to conceal; its policy remained the same. The cause of the independence of the Holy See, of the august Head of the Catholic Church, was dear to it; it had already defended it, and would always defend it. But there was another case not less dear; that of the State. The discussion would hamper the policy of France, and would be fruitless of advantage to the Holy See.

Mgr. Dupanloup followed. He began by stating that no report of petitions had been made for five weeks, although the standing orders devoted one day a week to petitions, some of which, like those now in question, concerned interests so high that indifference was impossible. He continued, with evident depression, that he could not ask the President for more precise declarations than he had just made; adding, that he well knew, in the painful position in which they were, what allowances must be made for the secret and more or less distressing embarrassments of a Government. Above all, he knew well what respect the misfortunes of France deserved, and he should reproach himself if he increased her sorrow "by causing her to feel too keenly her impotence." He would not, therefore, oppose the adjournment, "which he regretted more than any one; but which would leave intact the right of the petitioners and the feelings of those who, unable to relieve august misfortunes, wished at least to express their compassionate sympathy for them, and intact also the interests and inalienable rights of the Holy See." He concluded by saying that he had no difficulty in harmonizing his feelings as a bishop and a Frenchman; for more than twelve years he had constantly affirmed that

"the policy which has been so fatal to the Pope was fatal also to France." The Assembly would not listen to General du Temple, and voted the closure.

NOTRE DAME DE LOURDES.

A national manifestation in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes has been proposed in France. Two priests from the Diocese of Dijon, who were assisting at vespers in the holy sanctuary with a sensible increase of piety, being interiorly convinced that the Immaculate Virgin who manifested herself at the grotto would become the safeguard of France, conceived the project of a national manifestation in her honor, either by a solemn pilgrimage or some gift in the name of all the other sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin in France. A large number of pious ladies of the highest nobility have ardently seconded this inspiration, and a committee has been formed to carry it into execution. It is proposed that every department and, if possible, every arrondissement should have agents to promote the object. Every sanctuary of the Virgin is particularly called upon to aid in the manifestation. It is proposed not only for representatives from every part of France to join in a solemn pilgrimage, but that means should be furnished to purchase the two organs still lacking in the church of our Lady of Lourdes. All who give at least one hundred francs will have their names inscribed in the *livre d'or* to be deposited in the church. It is hoped the manifestation can be made on the first Sunday of October, 1872. Among the ladies belonging to the Committee of Arrangements are Madame La Marquise de MacMahon, Madame de la Moriciere, the Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre, the Duchess de Riviere, and a hundred others of the highest rank. So pious a project merits the thanks of all interested in this monument to the glory of *Marie Immaculee*. It is to be hoped it will find numerous imitators, who will furnish the means for the stained glass windows, the missionaries' house, and the fifteen chapels of the Rosary, which are to crown the Mount of Apparition. We trust the potent name of Mary will not be invoked in vain in behalf of her beloved kingdom of France, now so humiliated. May she who wept over the woes and crimes of that country on the mountain of La Salette, smile anew on the land from the Grotto of Lourdes, to revive the courage of the nation. Fifty-six miraculous cures are recorded in the last number of the Annals of Lourdes, not only of persons in various parts of France, but in Ireland (one cure at Waterford) and South America. Let all who are devoted to Mary (and who is not?) invoke her under the title of Our Lady of Lourdes.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN GERMANY.

THE PRUSSIAN POLICY TOWARD THE CHURCH.

The Liberal and Democratic *Frankfurter Zeitung* is clear sighted enough to see, and straightforward enough to acknowledge, the unfairness of the policy which is being pursued toward the Church in Prussia. The prohibition of Missions, the use of the law on associations against Catholic lay organizations, domiciliary visits, and the right of expelling foreigners, are all brought into play against institutions and persons who were never molested till it was thought desirable, for motives of policy, to wage war against them. But as soon as the Government had made up its mind to consider the clergy its enemies, it discovered that institutions, hitherto looked upon as perfectly innocent, and even useful, were dangerous to the State; and not only so, but the laws, with which they are said to be at variance, are put in force against them alone, and not against Protestant institutions which are in precisely the same position. All this, continues the *Frankfort* paper, is "purely arbitrary, and therefore altogether demoralizing, all the more so as these police measures can not produce any result. A long experience teaches that police is a useless weapon against religious movements. In England, in America, that has been long understood. But in the German Empire old usages are preserved in spite of the change of ministers of public worship, and in spite of the great conversion of M. von Bismarck, who, from a reactionary Saul, has become a strangely liberal Paul." The German bishops are to meet in April to consult upon the course to be adopted under the present difficult circumstances. It is now acknowledged on all sides that the pretended Posen plot was a mere fiction, and that the letters found in Canon Kozmian's house were most inoffensive, though they were perhaps not very palatable to Government. The accusation against Canon Kozmian of having embezzled the diocesan contribution to the Peter's Pence—an accusation which some correspondents have persisted in maintaining since the act has been disproved—is best confuted by the fact that the money from the Diocese of Posen—a large contribution under the circumstances—has just arrived at Rome, and as to the hostility to the State evinced by the grant to the Archbishop of the dignity of the Primate of Poland,

it has been for some time acknowledged that the rank was professedly honorary, and that Mgr. Ledochowski probably had no intention of exercising the functions attached to it. But those who used such expressions apparently had not grasped the fact that there are no such functions—in other cases, at least. An archbishop has functions as such—but to talk of the "functions" of a primate is about the same thing as though one were to speak of the "duties" of a brevet-colonel. The Archbishop of Lyons is Primate of all the Gauls, and the Archbishop of Bordeaux is Primate of Aquitaine. The dignity gives precedence over other archbishops of the country or district, not even necessarily or always over all other archbishops not primates.

NOTES FROM ROME.

MARCH 22.

We are crowded with Princes. The King and Queen of Denmark, with their children, Prince Waldemar and Princess Thyra, are here. The day before yesterday their majesties were received by the Holy Father and remained with him for a considerable time. The Holy Father conferred a present upon the young Prince, and the interview is said to have been a very cordial one. The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected here to-morrow evening. The Duke and Duchess of Nassau, with the hereditary Prince, are still here, and are very much beloved in Rome. A young Princess of Oldenburg is staying with them. The young Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who is said to be engaged to the young Princess of Oldenburg, is also here. The Prince Frederic of Saxony is expected on Sunday. There are even reports that the Sultan will soon arrive. The coming of so many royal personages to Rome, at the present time, has given rise to the most absurd rumors. Many of the faithful Romans look upon it as a tacit approval of the invasion of the 20th of September; this view, however, can hardly be correct, and is in no way confirmed by the conduct of those Princes who are here. Many of them have been several times to the Vatican, and not once to the Quirinal; this has been the case with the Duke and Duchess of Nassau. The following anecdote is told of the Duchess. Having, when driving out, accidentally met the hunting party, the last of the season, the brush was sent to her royal highness by command of the King, but she declined to accept it, saying that she did not take part in the hunt. As for Prince Frederic Charles of Prussia, who has now left for Sicily and Greece, he conducted himself, during his stay in Rome, in a manner which was quite expected by all who know him.

No ceremonies will take place in St. Peter's during the Holy Week, with the exception of the usual services of the Chapter. In all the other Basilicas the celebrated music of the *Miserere* is suppressed. The foreign residents are very discontented, especially the Protestants, who can discover no reason for suppressing the functions, although the reasons are very evident. To know them, it is only necessary to look on the walls of Rome, on the infamous caricatures against religion and the Pope, or to read the newspapers. Insults to priests, and monks, and to sacred images, are of daily occurrence. No Catholic will reproach the Vatican for having suspended the ceremonies; the faithful but too well understand the reason.

Count von Arnim was received in audience by the Pope, yesterday, to present his letters of recall. His departure is not regretted by any Catholic worthy of the name. The new French Minister to the Italian Court, M. Fournier, is expected to arrive, to-day, to complete the humiliation of poor France.

A charity bazaar has been got up by the Marchioness Antici-Mattri, in the Palazzo Salviati. More than 3,500 objects have been presented by charitable persons; some very beautiful things by the Pope, Cardinal Antonelli, Prince Borghese, Prince Lancelotti, and others.

A preconization of new Bishops will take place after Easter. His Holiness has appointed Canon Guidelli to the See of Modena, and Abate Cappellari, Archpriest of Gemona, to the See of Concordia (Venetia).

The Italian Government still refuses to give to the newly appointed Bishops their episcopal palaces and the revenues of their Sees, although the latter have been reduced by the Government to the smallest possible amount. It refuses also to give their incomes to all parish priests appointed by these Bishops; but these tyrannical measures can scarcely be enforced much longer. Meanwhile, the Holy Father, out of his poverty, continues to support the Bishops who are thus infamously treated.

MISS BERTHA GEROLT, youngest daughter of Baron Gerolt, late German Minister to the United States, has been received into the sisterhood of the Convent of the Visitation, Washington, D. C.

The consecration of the Bishop of Cleveland and Fort Wayne took place recently.

SAD CHANGES IN ROME.

The following testimony of a special correspondent of the London *Tablet* supplies a striking commentary on the benefits derived from the beneficent rule of Victor Emanuel in the city of the Pontiff:

Those who are familiar with the Rome of the past would scarcely recognize the Rome of to-day. Its appearance is sadly changed for the worst. Its most important and noble families are never seen. You meet everywhere a new stamp of figures and faces. All the frequented streets and squares have been invaded by palmy watch-box-like erections, just large enough to shelter their single female occupant. These seem principally to serve a double sinister purpose. They accustom the eyes of the people to the sight of the vilest caricatures, which they display on each of their sides, and they facilitate the rapid distribution of the abominable productions of the anti-religious daily press of which they are the depots. They serve also to show that the present holders of Rome are not only void of every trace of Christian morality, but have lost all sense of common good taste and outward respectability. Of Anti-Christian papers, no fewer than fourteen are published here daily, and several others appear at various intervals during the week. Such names as *La Libertà*, *La Capitale*, *Il Ciceruacchio*, *La Roma del Popolo*, *Il 20 Settembre*, and *Ugo Bassi*, are sufficient of themselves to give you a fair idea of their probable contents. When I add that, in addition to repulsive sights, our ears are assailed by the perpetual howling of the vendors of these disgusting productions, you may begin to form some imagination of the change that has come over the face of the Holy City. It reminds one forcibly of the time revealed to St. John, when the outer court of the Temple shall be "given unto the Gentiles, and the Holy City they shall tread under foot two-and-forty months." Some persons profess to wonder, and are inclined to remark that so great a change in so short a time reveals a state of rottenness before. It must be taken into consideration that we are overwhelmed by more than twenty thousand immigrants, strangers to Rome, all bent on making profit by the Revolution. It must be remembered how religion is kept down by force, and that a very small minority of wicked in any city, without additional importation, could soon disfigure its outward appearance and make frightful progress with perversion from religion, when allowed to have full swing and patronized by government. The Holy Father does what he can to preserve at least a portion of the population. With this object he has established new university-schools. The chairs of law, mathematics, medicine, philology, etc., will be filled by these professors who refused to take the oath to the Piedmontese Government. With the same view the *Società degli Interessi Cattolici* have opened poor schools for boys and girls in various places, as far as their means allow. All the convents and religious institutions that still remain are engaged in the same holy cause, and there is one such establishment where no fewer than four hundred poor girls receive education. In England you are bad enough; but, on the whole, the feelings of justice, right and liberty are far more respected by Englishmen than by the revolutionists of Rome. Our enemies are more bitter and decidedly more hostile than yours. Prussia is the ruling spirit which directs the persecution here. It seems bent upon destroying the Catholic Church in its own country and in ours. It is a curious fact that several Piedmontese ministers, of those who are doing their best to destroy all religious houses, are having their daughters educated at Rome and elsewhere in convents of nuns, chiefly French. I have heard of no less than twenty such instances. Is it that their public acts are at a variance with their inward convictions? Are they giving way to revolutionary pressure, as Pontius Pilate yielded to the Jews? Or is it, perhaps, that in the education of their daughters the influence of others has prevailed, whom the Church honors with the title of "devout," and for whom she invokes the special intercession of her who was predestined to be the highest of all mere creatures.

THE POPE.—The health of the Holy Father continues wonderfully good. On Sunday, he received a collective deputation from the parishioners of S. Andrea delle Fratte and S. Bernardo alle Terme. The vast Sala Ducale was completely filled, when the Pope entered, attended by six Cardinals, and was received with enthusiastic applause. The address presented to his Holiness alludes to the grief felt by his faithful subjects, in common with himself, at the misfortunes of their unhappy city, which, "from being the queen and mistress of the nations," has become, "in the unmerited humiliation of its Pontiff and King, an opprobrium" to the whole world.

KALTSCHMIDT, the celebrated German lexicographer, of whose works over five hundred thousand copies have been sold, died, recently, at Leipsic, in his seventy-second year.

The Catholic Guardian

FRANCIS DILLON EAGAN, Editor.

"WHOSOEVER WILL BE SAVED, BEFORE ALL THINGS IT IS NECESSARY THAT HE HOLD THE CATHOLIC FAITH, WHICH FAITH, EXCEPT EVERY ONE DOETH HOLD ENTIRE AND INVIOLENT, WITHOUT DOUBT HE SHALL PERISH EVERLASTINGLY. THIS IS THE CATHOLIC FAITH WHICH EXCEPT EVERY ONE BELIEVES FAITHFULLY AND STEADFASTLY, HE CANNOT BE SAVED."—Creed of St. Athanasius.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

Day of Week	Day of Month	Feast or Office	Color	Office
APRIL.				
Su	28	4th Sunday after Easter. Of the same. 9 less. W. and com. of St. Vitalis, M., in L. and M. Vesp. of full. com. of prec.	W.	d
Mo	29	St. Peter, Martyr, M. Vesp. from Ch. of full. com. R. of prec.	R.	d
Tu	30	St. Catherine of Siena, V. Vesp. of full. com. of R. of prec.	R.	d
MAY.				
We	1	SS. Philip and James, Apost. In 2 Vesp. com. of full. R. of full. com. of prec.	R.	d
Th	2	St. Athanasius, B. D. Vesp. of full. com. of prec. W. of full. com. of prec.	W.	d
Fr	3	Finding of Holy Cross. In 2 Vesp. com. of full. R. of full. com. of prec.	R.	d
Sa	4	St. Monica, Wid. Vesp. from ch. of full. com. of W. of prec. and Sund.	W.	d

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

THE VOICE OF THE HOLY FATHER.

"POVIDENCE SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN, IN OUR DAY, A GREAT MISSION TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS. IT IS FOR IT TO PRESERVE THE PRINCIPLES OF ORDER AND OF FAITH, WHERE THEY STILL PREVAIL, AND TO PROPAGATE THEM WHERE IMPIETY AND COLD INDIFFERENCE HAVE CAUSED THEM TO BE FORGOTTEN." (Letter of Pope Pius IX, in 1851.)

"We urgently beseech of you to assist, with all good will and favor, those men who, animated with spirit and possessed of sufficient learning, are laboring and publishing books and journals for the defense and propagation of Catholic doctrine." (Encyclical of Pope Pius IX, in 1853.)

"Leave nothing untried by which our holy religion and its salutary teaching may more increase in the United States, and unhappy wanderers may return to the safe path." (Letter from Pope Pius IX, to the Prelates of the United States, in 1855.)

A CARD FROM THE ARCHBISHOP.

TO THE REVEREND CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO:

Many of you have already learned, no doubt with pleasure, that FRANCIS DILLON EAGAN, for many years a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has lately renounced Protestantism and embraced the Catholic faith. In a public lecture here, he, in eloquent terms, gave his reasons for such a step. DR. EAGAN has resolved to devote all his energies and abilities to the cause of our holy Religion, and to the spread of Catholic doctrine; and to this end he has started a paper, THE CATHOLIC GUARDIAN, to be devoted exclusively to Catholic interests. As its Editor, he proposes to visit the several parishes of the Archdiocese, and expects the co-operation and assistance of the Catholic clergy and laity.

I am sure you will give him a hearty welcome, and render him every assistance in your power to get a large number of subscribers which alone can make the new paper a success.

✠ JOSEPH SADOE ALEMANY,

ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE SITUATION IN ROME.

The Protestant press is full of rumors as to the intention of the Holy Father and the reassembling of the Vatican Council. Electrical dispatches and gossiping correspondents tell us, almost daily, that the Pope is about to take his absconding flight, and is already booked for Trent in the Tyrol, or Pau in the Pyrenees, or for Malta in the Mediterranean. What appears truly singular in these flashes of telegraphic intelligence, and the sensational letters of correspondents of the daily papers is, that one-half of what they tell us concerning the movements of the Holy Father is a flat contradiction of the other half. Intelligence and non-intelligence balance one another with surprising accuracy. One day they tell us that the Pope is having apartments made ready for himself in the Chateau of Pau, and the next day we are informed that no such apartments are being made ready. One day the news comes that the Pope has secured a refuge at Trent, under the protection of Austria, and, the next day, we learn that the Pope has never thought of Trent, and the Austrian Government knows nothing of it; and again, the truthful telegraph, and the "special correspondent" inform us that the Pope has asked the British Government for an asylum in Malta, but we learn from the next utterances of these reliable authorities, that the Pope has asked for no such thing, and the British Government is entirely ignorant of any such request. Once, and for all, we would caution our readers

against giving the least credence to any intelligence that reaches them from such sources. It is utterly false that the Holy Father has the least intention of leaving the Eternal City, unless his person is absolutely threatened, or his presence in the Vatican stirs up the invaders of Rome to fresh outrages upon his counsellors, the clergy and the Religious, or to repeated acts of blasphemy and sacrilege, so terrible as to render it his duty to flee from his Capital, as Lot did from the Cities of the Plain. That his departure is earnestly desired by many we have not the slightest doubt, but those who would fain see him out of Rome form, precisely, not the party whom our veracious journals credit with the desire. The Jesuits, in common with all the Religious Orders, and the Roman clergy, in general, would be the last to urge upon the Sovereign Pontiff the necessity, or the expediency, of his leaving the Eternal City, inasmuch as his departure would afford the Government of Victor Emmanuel an opportunity to confiscate all the ecclesiastical property which he longs to convert into cash, as a means of making up the terrible financial deficit which daily stares him in the face, and renders Italy's monetary position a by-word in Europe, paralyzing her trade and affecting her prospects, social and political, to a most alarming extent. To this party, as well as to the Reds, the determination of the Holy Father to maintain his position in the Vatican is extremely embarrassing. The former cannot establish the new regime on a secure basis without funds, for which reason they are lusting after the plunder to be derived from the wholesale confiscation of ecclesiastical property. This, however, as the abortive attempt on San Vitale proves, is too risky a game to attempt at present. The presence of Pius IX is enough to act as a check on the infamous designs of the Reds, including the Mazzinians, Garibaldians, and Internationalists. Many, even of the supporters of the new order of things, are yet sufficiently filled with reverence for morality and purity to disapprove of the horrible doctrines which the sect and its ramifications are endeavoring to propagate, and, in the event of any attempt being made to institute a reign of Mazzinianism, much less of Internationalism, would at once join their forces with those of the other party and make common cause against the enemies of all religion and order. But if the Pope were out of Rome, the Religious and clergy would fly with him, and thus the restraints would be removed and the party of irreligion and disorder would immediately inaugurate their reign of anarchy and ruin, and so the work of the Devil would be quickly done, and Victor Emmanuel's government swept away to make room for that of Antichrist.

It will thus be seen that the presence of the Holy Father in Rome at this time, even as a prisoner in the hands of his enemies, is, perhaps, more of a necessity for the good of Italy than it ever was before—we do not say for the good of the Church; that is taken for granted. However, if it were true that the position of the Sovereign Pontiff, in his own city, exposed him to the risk of personal insult, and even of death itself, so that he should be forced to fly for safety, we are fully certain that the work of the Church would go on as of old, and that even from the depths of a dungeon the Holy Father could preconise Bishops and lay out dioceses as before, and all faithful children of the Church would regard him none the less as its Infallible Head. We say, then, that when Protestant preachers indulge in rapid declamations on the downfall of the Papacy, and the Protestant press publishes sensational articles about what has happened or may happen to material Rome, they are shooting wide of the mark, and congratulating themselves on what does not afford just ground for congratulation.

To the Catholic mind, Rome represents a principle that will live independently of stones and mortar—the principle of obedience to the visible authority of Christ on earth, that visible authority being exclusively vested in the Successor of St. Peter—the Holy Father Pope Pius IX. *Ubi Petrus, ibi Ecclesia*—where Peter is, there is the Church, and there is Rome. We say, therefore, without boast or exaggeration, that Rome represents a principle, immortal and eternal. It is independent of place and other circumstances, and it is precisely this principle which constitutes the real force and longevity of the Church; which lives down dynasties infinitely stronger than the gilt gingerbread affair called the kingdom of Italy, and which does what is even greater, that is to say, quietly buries false philosophical systems and heresies; which will declare Genesis to be inspired, in each and every word, long after Colenso and the German school of critics will have been completely forgotten; which will continue to tell men that "dust they are and unto dust shall they return;" when as little will be known of Darwin as of Pharaoh's magicians; and which will be in full force—always old, yet always beautiful—when Dr. Dollinger shall have become as great a myth as Prester John. *Veritas Domini manet in eternum.*

IRELAND'S RENOWN.

Lecture of the Very Rev. Father Burke.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN THE ISLAND OF SAINTS.

Perhaps the noblest passages of Father Burke's recent Lecture on the "History of Ireland, as told in Her Ruins," are those which, amid the golden glow of his matchless eloquence, illustrate, like star-beams shining upon green fields, glistening with dew and gemmed with wild flowers, the glory of the Religious Orders in the Island of Saints. And we say it, with a full recollection of Montalembert's great work, the *Monks of the West*, that no orator, or poet, or historian of ancient or modern times has ever approached the picturesque power and vivid splendor attained by the Irish Dominican Father in his delineation of the sanctity and heroism of monastic life. There is nothing, for instance, in Sir Walter Scott's vision of Melrose, beautiful as it is in its pale, unearthly radiance, yet cold, and falling on the heart like moonlight on a frozen fountain—

"Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
That beams, but warms no more its mother earth."

that can compare with the *lux divinator* with which the genius of Father Burke gilds, as with a halo, the glorious theme. Under the spell of the great Dominican's pictured speech we no longer marvel at the eulogy pronounced by his illustrious countryman and namesake—England's most renowned statesman—beneath the arches of Irish oak in the feudal palace of Westminster, on Sheridan's denunciation of British misgovernment in Asia.

Appearing before the largest audience that ever assembled in New York, amid an outburst of enthusiastic welcome that recalled, we can readily imagine, the glories of O'Connell's monster meetings during the Repeal era, the Rev. Father was clothed in the conventional white habit of his Order—a costume familiar to the Catholics of San Francisco as that of their own beloved and revered Archbishop. Standing, in imagination—to borrow the thought of the great Dominican Father—under the ivied and moss-covered arches of Athenry, or Sligo, or Clare-Galway, or Kilconnell, the view that rose before him of the former inmates of these holy shrines was a vision of white-robed Dominicans, and of brown Franciscans; and, therefore, in coming to speak in the garment of his Order, he felt more in consonance with his subject as the child and representative of the Irish friars—the Irish priests and patriots who sleep in Irish graves. Gazing, with eyes softened by love, on the churches of the mediæval Choral Orders, the Rev. orator asks:

What tale do these tell? They tell of a nation that, although engaged in a hand-to-hand and desperate struggle for its national life, yet, in the midst of its wars, was never unmindful of its God; they tell of Ireland when the clutch of the Saxon was upon her—when the sword was unsheathed that was never to know its scabbard from that day until this, and that never will, until the diadem of perfect freedom rests upon the virgin brow of Ireland. (Here the audience burst into a prolonged shout of applause, which was again and again repeated.) They tell of the glorious days, when Ireland's Church and Ireland's Nationality joined hands; and when the priest and the people rose up to enter upon a glorious combat for freedom. These were the homes of the Franciscans and the Dominicans—the men who, during three hundred years of their residence in Ireland, recalled, in these cloisters, the ancient glories of Lismore, and of Glendalough, and of Armagh; the men who, from the time they first raised these cloisters, never left the land—never abandoned the old soil, but lingered around their ancient homes of happiness, of sanctity and of peace, and tried to keep near the old walls, just as Magdalen lingered round the empty tomb, on Easter morning, at Jerusalem (great cheering). They tell of the sanctuaries, where the hunted head of the Irish patriot found refuge and a place of security; they tell the Irish historian of the National Councils, formed for State purposes within them. These venerable walls, if they could speak, would tell us how the brave and gallant fired with the highest and noblest purpose—for God and Erin; how the traitor was detected, and the false-hearted denounced; and how the Nation's life-blood was kept warm, and her wounds were staunch, by the wise councils of the old Franciscan and Dominican friars. All this, and more, would these walls tell if they could speak, for they have witnessed all this. They witnessed it until the day came—the day of war, the sword and blood—that drove forth their saintly inmates from their loving shelter, and devoted themselves to desolation and decay.

We will pass on. And now a mountain road lies before us. The land is filled again, for three centuries, with desolation and bloodshed, and with sorrow. The hill-sides, on either hand of our path, are strewn with the bodies of the slain; the valleys are filled with desolation and ruin; the air resounds to the ferocious battle-cry of the Dane, and to the brave battle-cry of the Celt, intermingled with the wailing of the widowed mother and the ravished maid; the air is filled with the crash and the shock of battle. In terrible onset, the lithe, active, mail-clad, fair-haired, blue eyed warriors of the North meet the dark, stalwart Celt, and they close in mortal combat. Toiling along, pilgrims of history as we are, we come to the summit of Tara's Hill, and there we look in vain for a vestige of Ireland's ruins. But now, after these three hundred years of our backward journey over the highway of history, we breathe the upper air. The sunshine of the Eighth Century, and of Ireland's three centuries of Christianity is upon our path. We breathe the purer air; we are amongst the mountains of God, and a sight the most glorious that a nation ever presented opens itself before our eyes—the sight of Ireland's first three centuries of the glorious faith of St. Patrick. Peace is upon the land. Schools rise upon every hill and in every valley. Every city is an immense school. The air again is filled with the sound of many voices; for students from every clime under the sun—the German, the Pict, the Cimbric,

the Frank, the Italian, the Saxon, are all mingling together, conversing together in the universal language of the Church, Rome's old Latin. They have come, and they have covered the land; they have come in thousands and in tens of thousands, to hear from the lips of the world-renowned Irish saints all the lore of ancient Greece and Rome, and to study in the lives of these saints the highest degree and the noblest interpretation of Christian morality and Christian perfection. Wise rulers governed the land; her heroes were moved to mighty acts; and these men, who came from every clime to the university of the world—to the great masters of the nations—go back to their respective countries and tell the glorious tale of Ireland's strength and Ireland's sanctity—of the purity of the Irish maidens—of the learning and the saintliness of the Irish priesthood, of the wisdom of her kings and rulers—of the sanctity of her people—until at length, from out the recesses of history, there comes, floating upon the breezes of time, the voice of an admiring world, that proclaims my native land in that happy epoch, and gives to her the name of the island of heroes, of saints and of sages.

Look up. In imagination we stand, now, upon the highest level of Ireland's first Christianity. Above us, we behold the venerable hill-top of Tara; and, beyond that, again, far away, and high up on the mountain, inaccessible by any known road of history, lies, amidst the gloom, the mysterious cloud that hangs around the cradle of every ancient race, looming forth from pre-historic obscurity, we behold the mighty Round Towers of Ireland. There they stand—

"The Pillar Towers of Ireland! how wondrously they stand
By the rushing streams, in the silent glens and the valleys of the land—
In mystic file, throughout the isle, they rear their heads sublime—
Those grey old pillar temples—those conquerors of time."

Now, having gone up to the cradle and fountain-head of our history, as told by its monuments and its ruins, we shall pause a little before we begin again our downward course. We shall pause, for a few moments, under the shadows of Ireland's round towers. There they stand, most perfect in their architecture; stone fitted into stone with the most artistic nicety and regularity; every stone bound to its bed by a cement as hard as the stone itself; a beautiful calculation of the weight which was to be put upon it, and the foundation which was to sustain it, has arrived at this—that, though thousands of years have passed over their hoary heads, there they stand, as firm, to-day, as on the day when they were first erected. There they stand, in perfect form, in perfect perpendicular; and the student of art, in the nineteenth century, can find matter for admiration and for wonder in the evidence of Ireland's civilization, speaking, loudly and eloquently, by the voice of her most ancient round towers. Who built them? You have seen them; they are all over the Island? The traveler sails up the placid bosom of the lovely Blackwater, and whilst he admires its various beauties, and his very heart within him is ravished by its loveliness, he beholds, high above its green banks, amidst the ruins of ancient Lismore, a venerable round tower lifting its grey head into the air. As he goes on, passing, as in a dream of delight, now by the valleys and the hills of lovely Wicklow, he admires the weeping alders that hang over the stream in sweet Avoca; he admires the bold heights throwing their outlines so sharp and clear against the sky, and clothed to their very summits with the sweet-smelling purple heather; he admires all this, until, at length, in a deep valley in the very heart of the hills, he beholds, reflecting itself in the deep waters of still Glendalough, the venerable "round tower of other days." Or he has taken his departure from the Island of Saints, and when his ship's prow is turned toward the setting sun, he beholds upon the head-lands of the iron-bound coast of Mayo, or western Galway, the round tower of Ireland, the last thing the eye of the lover or traveler beholds.

Who built these towers, or for what purpose were they built? There is no record of reply, although the question has been repeated, age after age, for thousands of years. Who can tell? They go so far back into the mists of history as to have the lead of all the known events in the history of our native land. Some say that they are of Christian origin; others, again, say, with equal probability, and, perhaps, greater, that these venerable monuments are far more ancient than Ireland's Catholicity, that they were the temples of a by-gone religion, and, perhaps, of a long-forgotten race. They may have been the temples of the ancient Fire Worshipers of Ireland; and the theory has been mooted that, in the time when our remotest forefathers worshipped the rising sun, the priest of the sun was accustomed to climb to the summit of the round tower, to turn his face to the east, and watch with anxiety the rising of the morning star, as it came up trembling in its silver beauty, above the eastern hills. Then, when the first rays of the sun illumined the valleys, he hailed its rising, and proclaimed to the people around him their duty of worship to the coming God. This is a theory that would connect Ireland's round towers with the most ancient form of religion—the false religion which truth dispelled when, coming with the sun of Heaven, and showing before Irish intellect the glories of the risen Saviour—the brightness of the Heavenly sun dimmed forever the glory of the earthly, and dispelled the darkness of the human soul, which had filled the land before with its gloom. This is not the time nor the place to enter into an archaeological argument as to whether the round towers are of Pagan or Christian origin, or as to whether they are the offspring of the famous *Goban Saor*, or of any other architect; or of the men of the fifth or of the sixth centuries; or whether they go back into the times of which no vestige remains upon the pages of history or the traditions of men—this, I say, is not the time to do it. I attempted this once, and whilst I was pursuing my argument, as I imagined, very learnedly and very profoundly, I saw a man sitting opposite to me, open his mouth, and he gave a yawn; and I said in my own mind, to myself, "My dear friend, if you do not close your dissertation, that man will never shut his mouth;" for I thought the top of his head would come off. But no matter what may be the truth of this theory or that, concerning the round towers, one thing is certain—and this is the point to which I wish to speak—that, as they stand to-day, in the strength of their material, in the beauty of their form, in the perfection of their architecture, in the scientific principles upon which they were built, and which they reveal, they are the most ancient among the records of the most ancient nations, and distinctly tell the glorious tale of the early civilization of the Irish people. For, my friends, remember that, amongst the evidences of progress, of civilization, amongst the nations, there is no more powerful argument for evidence than that which is given by their public buildings.

When you reflect that many centuries afterward—ages after ages—even after Ireland had become Catholic—there was no such thing in England as a stone building of any kind, much less a stone church—when you reflect that, outside the pale of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome, there was no such thing known amongst the Northern and Western nations of Europe as a stone edifice of any kind; then I say, from this I conclude that these venerable pillar temples of Ireland are the strongest

argument for the ancient civilization of our race. But this also explains the fact that St. Patrick, when he preached in Ireland, was not persecuted; that he was not contradicted; that it was not asked of him, as of every other man that ever preached the Gospel for the first time to any people, to shed his blood in proof of his belief. No; he came not to a barbarous people—not to an uncivilized race; but he came to a wonderfully civilized nation—a nation which, though under the cloud of a false religion, had yet attained to established laws and a recognized and settled form of government, a high philosophical knowledge, a splendid national melody and poetry—and the men who met St. Patrick, upon the hill of Tara, when he mounted it upon that Easter morning, were able to meet him with solid arguments; were able to meet him with the clash which takes place when mind meets mind; and when he had convinced them, they showed the greatest proof of their civilization, by rising up, on the instant, to declare that Patrick's preaching was the truth, and that Patrick was a messenger of the true God. We know for certain that, whatever was the origin of those round towers, the Church—the Catholic Church in Ireland—made use of them for religious purposes; that she built her cathedrals and her abbeys churches alongside of them; and we often find the loving group of the "Seven Churches" lying closely beside, if not under the shadow of the round towers. We also know that the monks of old set the Cross of Christ on these ancient round towers—that is, on the upper part of them; and we know, from the evidence of a later day, that, when the land was deluged in blood, and when the faithful people were persecuted, hunted down—then it was usual, as in the old time, to light a fire in the upper portion of those round towers, in order that the poor and persecuted might know where to find the sanctuary of God's altar. Thus it was that, no matter for what purpose they were founded, the Church of God made use of them for purposes of charity, of religion, and of mercy.

Coming down from these steep heights of history—coming down like Moses from the mountain—from out the mysteries that envelope the cradle of our race; but, like the prophet of old, with the evidence of our nation's ancient civilization and renown beaming upon us—we now come to the hill of Tara. Alas, the place where Ireland's monarch sat enthroned, the place where Ireland's sages and seers met—where Ireland's poets and bards filled the air with the rich harmony of our ancient Celtic melody, is now desolate; not a stone upon a stone to attest its ancient glory. "Perierunt etiam ruine!"—the very ruins of it have perished. The mounds are there, the old moat is there, showing the circumference of the ancient towers of Tara—the old moat is there, still traced by the unbroken mound whereby the "Banquet Hall," three hundred and sixty feet long by forty feet in width, was formed, and in which the kings of Ireland entertained their chieftains, their royal dames and their guests, in high festival and glorious revelry. Beyond this, no vestige remains! But there, within the moat—in the very midst of the ruins—there, perhaps, on the very spot where Ireland's ancient throne was raised—there is a long grass-grown mound; the earth is raised; it is covered with a verdant sod; the shamrock blooms upon it; and the old peasants will tell you, this is the "Croppy's Grave." In the year 1798, the "year of the troubles," as we may well call it, some ninety Wexford men, or thereabouts, after the news came that "the cause was lost," fought their way, every inch, from Wexford until they came to the hill of Tara, and made their last stand on the bank of the river Boyne. There, pursued by a great number of the King's dragoons, they fought their way through these two miles of intervening country, their faces to the foe. These ninety heroes, surrounded, fired upon, still fought and would not yield, until slowly, like the Spartan band at Thermopylae, they gained the hill of Tara, and stood there like lions at bay. Surrounded on all sides by the soldiers, the officer in command offered them their lives if they would only lay down their arms. One of these "Shelmahers" had that morning sent the Colonel of the dragoons to take a cold bath in the Boyne. In an evil hour, the Wexford men, trusting to the plighted faith of this British officer, laid down their arms; and, as soon as their guns were out of their hands, every man of them was fired upon, and to the last one, they perished upon the hill of Tara. And there they were enshrined among the ancient glories of Ireland, and laid in the "Croppy's Grave." And they tell how, in 1843, when O'Connell was holding his monster meetings throughout the land—in the early morning, he stood upon the hill of Tara, with a hundred thousand brave, strong Irishmen around him. There was a tent pitched upon the hill-top; there was an altar erected, and an aged priest went to offer up the Mass for the people. But the old women—the women with the grey heads, who were blooming maidens in '69—came from every side; and they all knelt round "Croppy's Grave"; and just as the priest began the Mass, and the one hundred thousand on the hill-sides and in the valleys below, were uniting in adoration, a loud cry of wailing pierced the air. It was the Irish mothers and the Irish maidens, pouring out their souls in sorrow, and wetting with their tears the shamrocks that grew out of the "Croppy's Grave."

"Dark falls the tear of him that mourneth
Lost hope or joy that never returneth;
But, brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er a hero's bier."

Stepping some fifty years further on the road of Irish history, under the frowning shadows of Norman towers and battlements, we stand amazed—crushed, as it were, to the earth, by the glories that rise before us, in the ruins of Mellifont, in the ruins of Dunbrodie, in the awful ruins of Holy Cross and of Cashel, that we see yet uplifting, in solemn grandeur, their stately heads, in ruined beauty, over the land which they once adorned. There do we see the vestiges of the most magnificent architecture, some of the grandest buildings that ever yet were raised upon this earth for God or for man. There do we see the lofty side-walls pierced with huge windows, filled with the most delicate tracery; there, when we enter in we throw our eyes aloft with wonder, and see the groined, massive arches of the ceiling upholding the mighty tower; there do we see the grandeur of the ancient Cistercians, and the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and the Benedictines. What tale do they tell us? Oh, they tell us a glorious tale of our history and of our people. These were the edifices that were built and founded in Ireland during the brief respite that the nation had, from the day that she drove the last Dane out until the first accursed Norman came. A short time, a brief period—too brief, alas! too brief!—Ireland, exhausted after her three hundred years of Danish invasion, turned her first thoughts and her first energies to build up the ancient places that were ruined—to restore and to clothe the sanctuaries of her faith with a splendor such as the nation had never seen before.

And now, my friends, treading, as it were, adown the hill-side, after having heard Patrick's voice, after having beheld, on the threshold of Tara, Patrick's glorious episcopal figure, as, with the simplicity that designated his grand, heroic character, he plucked from the soil the sham-

rock and upheld it, and appealed to the imagination of Ireland—appealed to that imagination that never yet failed to recognize a thing of truth or a thing of beauty, we now descend the hill, and wander through the land where we first beheld the group of the "Seven Churches." Everywhere throughout the land do we see the clustering ruins of these small churches. Rarely exceeding fifty feet in length, they rarely attain to any such proportion. There they are, generally speaking, under the shadow of some old Round Tower—some ancient Celtic name, indicative of past glory, still lingering around and sanctifying them. What were these seven churches? What is the meaning of them—why were they so numerous? Why, there were churches enough—if we believe the ruins of Ireland—in Ireland during the first two centuries of its Christianity, to house the whole nation. Everywhere there were churches—churches in groups of seven—as if one were not enough, or two. Now-a-days we are struck with the multitude of churches in London, in Dublin, in New York; but we must remember that we are a divided community, and that every sect, no matter how small it is, builds its own church; but in Ireland we were all of one faith, and all of these churches were multiplied. But what is the meaning of it? These churches were built in the early days of Ireland's monasticism—in the days when the world acknowledged the miracle of Ireland's holiness. Never, since God created the earth—never, since Christ proclaimed the truth amongst men—never was seen so extraordinary and so miraculous a thing as that a people should become, almost entirely, a nation of monks and nuns, as soon as they became Catholic and Christian. The highest proof of the Gospel is monasticism. As I stand before you, robed in this Dominican dress—most unworthy to wear it—still, as I stand before you, a monk, vowed to God by poverty, chastity and obedience, I claim for myself, such as I am, this glorious title, that the Church of God regards us as the very best of her children. And why? Because the cream, as it were, of the Gospel spirit is sacrifice; and the highest sacrifice is the sacrifice that gives a man entirely, without the slightest reserve, to God, in the service of his country and of his fellow-men. This sacrifice is embodied and, as it were, combined in the monk; and, therefore, the monk and the nun are really the highest productions of Christianity. Now Ireland, in the very first days of her conversion, so quickly caught up the spirit, and so thoroughly entered into the genius of the Gospel, that she became a nation of monks and nuns, almost on the day when she became a nation of Christians. The consequence was, that throughout the land—in the villages, in every little town, on every hill-side, in every valley—these holy monks were to be found; and they were called by the people, who loved them and venerated them so dearly—they were called by the name of *Culdees*, or servants of God.

The Rev. orator notices, with signal power, the ruin and desolation that submerged well nigh all the rest of the world at the very moment of Ireland's conversion and abundant monasticism, "embodied, as it were, and sustained by that rule of St. Columba which St. Patrick brought into Ireland." Men flocked, we are told, to Irish monasteries from every clime: and for three hundred years Ireland held the intellectual supremacy of the civilized world.

Then were built those groups of seven churches, here and there; then did they fill the land; then, when the morning sun arose, every valley in blessed Ireland resounded to the praises and the matin song of the monk; and the glorious cloisters of Lismore, of Armagh, of Bangor, of Arran, arose; and, far out on the Western Ocean, the glorious chorus resounded in praise of God, and the musical genius of the people received its highest development in hymns and canticles of praise—the expression of their glorious faith. For three hundred years of peace and joy it lasted; and, during those three hundred years, Ireland sent forth a Columba to Iona; a Virgilius to Italy; a Romauld to Brabant; a Gaul (or Gallus) to France; in a word, every nation in Europe—even Rome itself—all acknowledged that, in those days, the light of learning and of sanctity beamed upon them from the holy progeny of saints that Ireland, the fairest mother of saints, produced, and sent out to sanctify and enlighten the world.

Three hundred years of bloodshed and of war followed, incident to the invasion of the Danes whose first act was to put to the sword all the monks and nuns, set fire to the schools, and banish the students. A war of extermination was carried on for three hundred years, and it was not until the defeat of the Northern invaders by the Irish army under King Malachi and the great King Brian, on Good Friday, in 1014, in the decisive battle of Clontarf, of which we published an account in the last impression of THE GUARDIAN, that the blessings of peace and civilization were restored to the island of the West. In the year 1103 the last Danish army was utterly routed.

Thirty years have elapsed. Ireland is struggling to restore her shattered temples, her ruined altar, and to build up again, in all its former glory and sanctity, her nationality and monastic priesthood. Then St. Malachi—great, glorious and venerable name!—St. Malachi, in whom the best blood of Ireland's kings was mingled with the best blood of Ireland's saints—was Archbishop of Armagh. In the year 1134, he invited into Ireland the Cistercian and the Benedictine Monks. They came with all the traditions of the most exalted sanctity—with a spirit not less mild nor less holy than the spirit of a Dominic or an Augustine, and built up the glories of Lindisfarne, of Iona, of Mellifont, of Monasterboice and of Monasteren, and all these magnificent ruins of which I spoke—the sacred monastic ruins of Ireland. Then the wondering world beheld such grand achievements as it never saw before, out rivaling in the splendor of their magnificence, the grandeur of those temples which still attest the mediæval greatness of Belgium, of France and of Italy. Then did the Irish people see, enshrined in these houses, the holy solitaires and monks from Clairvaux, with the light of the great St. Bernard shining upon them from his grave. But only thirty years more passed—thirty years only; and behold, a trumpet is heard on the eastern coast of Ireland; the shore and the hills of that Wexford coast re-echo to the shouts of the Norman, as he sets his accursed foot upon the soil of Erin.

Sometime victorious, yet often defeated—defeated not so much by the shock of the Norman onset, as by treachery and the feuds of her own chieftains—the heart of the nation was broken; and behold, from the far sunny shores of Italy, there came to Ireland other monks and other missionaries clothed in this very habit which I now wear, or in the sweet, brown habit of St. Francis, or the glorious

dress of St. Augustine. Unlike the monks who gave themselves up to the contemplation, and who had large possessions, large houses—these men came among the people to make themselves at home among the people, to become the "Soggarths Aroon" of Ireland. They came with a learning as great as that of the Irish monks of old, with a sturdy devotion, as energetic as that of Columbkille or of Kevin of Glendalough—they came with a message of peace, of consolation and of hope, to this heart-broken people; and they came nearly seven hundred years ago to the Irish shores. The Irish people received them with a kind of supernatural instinct that they had found their champions and their priestly heroes; and, for nearly seven hundred years, the Franciscan and his Dominican brother have dwelt together in the land. Instead of building up magnificent, wonderful edifices, like Holy Cross, or Mellifont, or Dunbrodie—instead of covering acres with the grandeur of their buildings, these Dominicans and Franciscans went out in small companies—ten, twelve, or twenty—and they went into remote towns and villages; and there they dwelt and built quietly a convent for themselves; and they educated the people themselves; and, by-and-by, the people in the next generation learned to love the disciples of St. Dominic and St. Francis as they beheld the churches so multiplied. In every town-land of Ireland there was either a Dominican or a Franciscan church or convent. The priests of Ireland welcomed them; the holy bishops of Ireland sustained them; the ancient Religious of Ireland gave them the right hand of friendship; and the Cistercians or Benedictines gave them, very often, indeed, some of their own churches wherein to found their congregations, or to begin their missions. They came to dwell in the land early in the 12th century, and until the 15th century, strange to say, it was not yet found out what was the hidden design of Providence in bringing them there, in what was once their own true and ancient missionary Ireland.

In the middle of the fifteenth century Henry VIII, King of England and Lord of Ireland, "got a scruple of conscience."

Then came the hour of the ruin of the dear old convents of the Franciscans and Dominicans. Their inmates were driven out at the point of the sword; they were scattered like sheep over the land. Five pounds was the price set upon the head of the friar or priest—the same price that was set upon the head of a wolf. They were hunted throughout the land; and when they fled for their lives from their convent homes, the Irish people opened their hearts, and said: "Come to us, Soggarth Aroon." Throughout the length and breadth of the land they were scattered, with no shelter but the canopy of Heaven; with no Sunday sacrifice to remind the people of God; no Mass celebrated in public, and no Gospel preached; and yet they succeeded for three hundred years in preserving the glorious Catholic faith that is as strong in Ireland to-day as ever it was. These venerable ruins tell the tale of the nation's woe, of the nation's sorrow. As long as it was merely a question of destroying a Cistercian or a Benedictine Abbey, there were so few of these in the land that this people did not feel it much. But when the persecution came upon the *Bhrechair*, as the friar was called, the men whom everybody knew, the men whom everybody came to look up to for consolation in affliction or in sorrow; when it came upon him, then it brought sorrow and affliction to every village, to every little town, to every man in Ireland. There were, at this time, upwards of eighty convents of Religious—Franciscans and Dominicans—in Ireland, that numbered very close upon a thousand priests of each order. There were nearly a thousand Irish Franciscans, and nearly a thousand Irish Dominican priests, when Henry began his persecution. He was succeeded, after a brief interval of thirty years, by his daughter Elizabeth. How many Dominicans, do you think, were then left in Ireland? There were a thousand, you say? Oh, God of Heaven! there were only four of them left—only four! All the rest of these heroic men had stained their white habit with the blood that they shed for God and for their country. Twenty thousand men it took Elizabeth, for as many years as there were thousands of them, to try to plant the seedling of Protestantism on Irish soil. The ground was dug as for a grave; the seed of Protestantism was cast into that soil, and the blood of the nation was poured in, to warm it and bring it forth. It never grew; it never came forth; it never bloomed! Ireland was as Catholic the day that Elizabeth died at Hampton Court, gnawing the flesh off her hands in despair, and blaspheming God—Ireland was as Catholic that day as she was the day that Henry the Eighth vainly commanded her first to become Protestant.

Then came a little breathing time—a very short time—and in fifty years there were six hundred Irish Dominican priests in Ireland again. They studied in Spain, in France, in Italy. These were the youth—the children of Irish fathers and mothers, who cheerfully gave them up, though they knew, almost to a certainty, that they were devoting them to a martyr's death; but they gave them up for God. Smuggled out of the country, they studied in these foreign lands and they came back again, by night and by stealth, and they landed upon the shores of Ireland; and when Cromwell came, he found six hundred Irish Dominicans upon the Irish land. Ten years after, only ten years past, and again the Irish Dominican preachers assembled to count up their numbers, and to tell how many survived and how many had fallen. How many do you think were left out of the six hundred? But one hundred and fifty were left; four hundred and fifty had perished—had shed their blood for their country, or had been shipped away to Barbadoes as slaves. These are the tales their ruins tell. I need not speak of their noble martyrs. Oh, if these moss-grown stones of the Irish Franciscan and Dominican ruins could speak, they would tell how the people gave up everything they had, for years and years, as wave after wave of successive persecutions and confiscations and robbery rolled over them, rather than renounce their glorious priesthood.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth the hope was cherished, in Ireland, that some concession would be made by James I to the Catholics who had befriended that monarch and the House of Stuart. To the honor of Irish fidelity be it said, the first act of the people was to set about restoring the Franciscan and Dominican abbeys.

It was thus they restored the Black Abbey in Kilkenny, a Dominican house; they restored the Dominican Convent in Waterford, Mullafarnham in Westmeath, and others; and these, in a few months, grew up into all their former beauty from ruin, under the loving, faithful, restoring hands of the Irish people. But soon came a letter from the King, and it began in these notable words: "It has been told to us, that some of our Irish subjects imagined that we were about to grant them liberty of conscience." No such thing! Liberty of conscience for Irish Catholics! No! Hordes of persecutors were let loose again, and the storms of persecution that burst over Ireland in the days of James I, were quite as bad, and as terrible, as any that

rained down blood upon the land in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

After long years of agony under the Stuarts, the atrocities of Cromwell crimsoned the green plains of Catholic Erin. Father Burke rapidly traced, in words of fire, the desolating onset of Anglo-Saxon misrule, and the confiscations and infernal terrorism that characterized the administration, in Ireland, of the ruthless Lord Protector. His thrilling narrative was relieved, from time to time, by flashes of genuine wit and humor that reminded one of the genius of the land of his birth—half sunshine, half tears, like the skies of the peerless Island of the West. And now it was for the great Dominican to draw one conclusion:

Is there a man among us here, to-night, who is ashamed of his race or his native land, if that man have the high honor to be an Irishman? Is there a man living that can point to a more glorious and a purer source whence he draws the blood in his veins than the man who can point to the bravery of his Irish forefathers; or the immaculate purity of his Irish mother? We glory in them, and we glory in the faith for which our ancestors have died. We glory in the love of country that never—never, for an instant—admitted that Ireland was a mere province—that Ireland was merely a "West Britain." Never, in our darkest hour, was that idea adapted to the Irish mind, or adopted by the will of the Irish people. And, therefore, I say, if we glory in that faith, if we glory in the history of their National conduct and of their National love, oh, my friends and fellow countrymen—I say it, as well as a priest as an Irishman—let us emulate their example; let us learn to be generous to those who differ from us, and let us learn to be charitable even to those who would fain injure us. We can thus conquer them. We can thus assure to the future of Ireland the blessings that have been denied to her past—the blessing of religious equality, the blessing of religious liberty, the blessing of religious unity which, one day or other, will spring up in Ireland again. I have often heard words of bitterness, aye, and of insult, addressed to myself in the North of Ireland, coming from Orange lips; but I have always said to myself, he is an Irishman; though he is an Orangeman, he is an Irishman. If he lives long enough, he will learn to love the priest that represents Ireland's old faith; but, if he die in his Orange disposition, his son, or his grandson, will yet shake hands with and bless the priest, when he and I are both in our graves. And why do I say this? Because nothing bad, nothing uncharitable, nothing harsh or venomous ever yet lasted long upon the green soil of Ireland. If you throw a poisonous snake into the grass of Ireland he will be sweetened, so as to lose his poison, or else he will die. Even the English people, when they landed, were not two hundred and fifty years in the land until they were part of it—the very Normans who invaded us became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." They became so fond of the country that they were thoroughly imbued with its spirit. And so, any evil that we have, in Ireland, is only a temporary and a passing evil, if we are only faithful to our traditions, and to the history of our country. To-day, there is religious disunion; but, thanks be to God, I have lived to see religious disabilities destroyed. And, if I were now in the position of addressing Irish Orangemen, I would say, "Men of Erin, three cheers for the Church disestablishment!" And if they should ask me "why?" I would answer, "It was right and proper to disestablish the Church, because the 'Established Church' was put in between you and me, and we ought to love each other, for we are both Irish!" Every class in Ireland will be drawn closer to the Irish by this disestablishment; and the honest Protestant man will begin to know a little more of his Catholic brother, and to admire him, and the Catholic will begin to know a little more of the Orangeman, and, perhaps, to say: "After all, he is not so bad as he appears." And believe me, my friends, that, breathing the air of Ireland, which is Catholic, eating the bread made out of the wheat which grows on Irish soil—they get so infused with Catholic blood that, as soon as the Orangeman begins to have the slightest regard or love for his Catholic fellow-countryman he is on the highway to become a Catholic—for a Catholic he will be, some time or other. As a man said to me, very emphatically, once: "They will all be Catholics one day, surely, sir, if they only stay long enough in the country!" I say, my friends, that the past is the best guarantee for the future. We have seen the past in some of its glories. What is the future to be? What is the future that is yet to dawn on this dearly loved land of ours? Oh, how glorious will that future be, when all Irishmen shall be united in one common faith and one common love! Oh, how fair will our beloved Erin be, when, clothed in religious unity, religious equality and freedom, she shall rise out of the ocean wave, as fair, as freely, in the end of time, as she was in the glorious days when the world, entranced by her beauty, proclaimed her to be the Mother of Saints and Sages. Yes, I see her rising emancipated; no trace of blood or persecution on her virgin face—the crown, so long lost to her, resting again upon her fair brow! I see her in peace and concord with all the nations around her, and with her own children within her. I see her venerated by the nations afar off, and, most of all, by the mighty nation which, in that day, in its strength, and in its youth, and in its vigor, shall sway the destinies of the world. I see her, as Columbia salutes her across the ocean waves. But the light of freedom coming from around my mother's face will reflect the light of freedom coming from the face of that nation which has been nursed in freedom, cradled in freedom, and which has never violated the sacred principles of religious freedom and religious equality. I see her with the light of faith shining upon her face, and I see her revered, beloved and cherished by the nations as an ancient and a most precious thing! I behold her rising in the energy of a second birth, when nations that have held their heads high are humbled in the dust! And so I hail thee, O mother Erin! and I say to thee:

"The nations have fallen, but thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising when others have set,
And though slavery's clouds round thy morning have hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet!"

Although we present in another part of our columns the magnificent discourse addressed by Father Burke to the members of the Xavier Society, New York, no apology, we feel assured, is needed for the length of our extracts. Father Burke has, we understand, left New York for Ohio; and it is not improbable that the Chrysostom of our time will visit the Golden State before his departure for the loved land of his birth—that Emerald Isle whose renown in immortal eloquence and learning will be for ever associated with his name.

Spirit of the Press.

THE INFIDEL AND THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

If one were to judge by the amount of support which we Catholics give to our own press, he would very naturally come to the conclusion that we are not a reading body of people. To that extent the conclusion would certainly be correct; and, in a moral point of view, it would be better if the conclusion were entirely correct, because no reading at all is at any time preferable to the reading of matter which leads to indifference or immorality. The fact is, we are really generous in our patronage of the various infidel and atheistic periodicals and publications of the day, while we are remarkably indifferent in the support of our own press. More than this, some of us are in the habit of indicating this indifference of ours by an unmanly line of argument, which can only be accounted for on the hypothesis that we are either wilfully or invincibly ignorant of the nature of the frivolous objections we make against our own magazines and papers, for the purpose of covering up our self-evident want of duty toward them. For instance, there is John Smith, who has never seen the *Ave Maria* or the *Catholic World*; how can he pass a judgment on the relative merits of these magazines and those which are devoted to a systematic falsification of his religion? There, again, is Patrick O'Neill, who would—but never does—read the *Catholic World*, only its articles are "too deep" for him; and his brother Peter would take the *Ave Maria*, only the "tone of its articles is too religious" for him; and thus the objections go on until one has no longer any patience with such people. Still another class refuse their support on the ground of pecuniary inability. This pretense is so flimsy and so shallow that it is positively disgusting. It can be demonstrated to a certainty that, at least, nine out of ten of these impecunious excuses are flat falsehoods. Here is the way to do it: how many glasses of soul-poison, called whisky or lager-beer, do you drink in the day? Well, multiply what you pay for that by thirty, and I am satisfied there is not one Catholic editor in the country who will refuse to give you his paper or his magazine, for one whole year, for what you will save in a single month in that way. Now, how can you say you are too poor to subscribe for a paper? You are not. In fact, I know instances of Catholics who stay away from Mass and spend more money on whiskey in a single Sunday than it would require to procure a Catholic paper for six months. Do you know that the price of a single glass of this accursed whisky will buy a number of any Catholic paper in the country? It will! Then save so much, at least, and by so doing you will remove from yourself the means of committing a crime, and you will do a good work by placing in the hands of your children a medium through which they can learn something about their religion, from which your bad example has led their innocent minds so far away. These publications may be too deep or too religious for you, but they are not so for your children, and be well assured that your paltry excuses and prevarications will not avail you much when God calls upon you to account for your conduct to those whom He has placed in your charge. Teach your children, teach yourself to know all it is possible for them and for you to know about the Church and about Catholic matters. You are bound in conscience to do that. In order to do it, give your hearty support to your own press; exclude infidel Sunday papers and atheistic periodicals from your family, and, instead of these, put Catholic books and magazines into the hands of your children. In all probability, no Catholic paper nor magazine has ever been seen upon your table, and yet, Sunday after Sunday, you pay for and you read organs of moral filth, which glory in publishing obscene poems about the holy and spotless Mother of our Lord and Saviour!

There is no use in mincing what one has to say about the *Chicago Times*. Plainly speaking, it is one of the most unprincipled, immoral and indecent sheets published in the United States. Under a pretended advocacy of certain political views it has succeeded in gaining a large circulation among Catholics; and, being utterly unscrupulous, it never hesitates to copy or to invent any class of sensational articles that may contribute in any manner to its own selfish ends. No paper having any character to maintain for veracity would have dared to insult common sense in the way that sheet did by its unblushing invention and publication of an article on the burning of Chicago. A short time before, several columns were devoted, in a Sunday issue, to a flaming advertisement of the great American crime of infanticide. Its gross obscenity and gross blackguardism concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary were so indecently shocking that Catholics thought it useless to say anything about the matter. But in all this the *Times* is not alone; it is cited here as a prominent example of

the godless press of the country, and to warn Catholics against patronizing publications whose whole energies are devoted to the overthrow of morality. Of my own knowledge I can say, that certain Sunday issues of the *Chicago Times* were so grossly indecent that some Catholics, to prevent them from coming into the hands of their wives and sisters, either burned or destroyed them. Yet this paper is but one of hundreds of similar publications, which, either for pay or for the devilish pleasure of corrupting morals, are becoming the *media* through which the abodes of sin and the means of committing crime are announced to the public, and thereby to many an innocent soul for its ruin. Now, I say that, under these circumstances, and in these days of materialism, it is a clear duty of conscience for every Catholic to exclude such publications from his family, and to supply their place with Catholic papers and Catholic magazines.

There is also another reason why this should be done: the atheistic press of the country, wilfully, deliberately, and corruptly, misrepresents every question or subject relating to Catholicity. All our information about Catholic matters comes through that source; and we, by our censurable indifference to our own press, through which we could obtain truthful information, are left in the dark, and are ignorantly obliged to play mummy or to concede the falsehoods of our enemies to be truths about ourselves. It is a great glory to be a soldier of that grand old Church which has been fighting the devil and the world for nineteen centuries, and still remains as firm as the eternal rock upon which God himself has placed her everlasting foundation. Let us be true, brave, and faithful soldiers in her most royal cause. The means of defense, however, will not be found in the enemy's camp. The battle of our day must be fought on the field of intelligent knowledge. The legions of history, recruited and disciplined by our own publications, must be brought into action; there, too, we must go for the powder, and have it dry and ready, so that when the enemy attacks, we may—as having all truth we can—come out victorious when the contest is over. There are plenty of excellent Catholic weeklies and monthlies throughout the country, ready, able, and willing to do their part, and more than their part, most generously, if we but show a fair disposition to do our duty toward them and toward ourselves. How can they pay writers, and meet all their other expenses, unless we give them the means by subscribing for them? Even those who do subscribe, often do it with so bad a grace that one might think they were contributing to an unmeritorious pauper fund. Out upon such beggarly, sneaking meanness! The gentlemen who conduct our publications, as a general rule, are men of high culture, talent, and most disinterested generosity. They devote their abilities and their lives to those things which most vitally concern our dearest interests, and yet we treat them as if they asked our miserable couple of dollars in the name of the world's cold, heartless charity, instead of a pitiful compensation for the weary labor of a long year! You support atheistic publications without a grudge; you contribute to the success of your enemies with delightful alacrity; and when, by your own efforts, you enable them to undersell your friends and defenders, you complain and growl like a bear with a sore head, as if the fault were not your own. It is your own. Do you think a Catholic editor or publisher must stand at your doors with a "Help-the-poor-blind-man" label upon his breast, and beg of you to take his labor for nothing? Shall he have no encouragement for his devotion, no compensation for his thankless toil? The laborer is worthy of his hire, and surely no other class of men in our midst have a better moral and pecuniary claim upon us than those noble, generous and educated men, whose lives and talents are so freely and so entirely given up to our enlightenment, and to the advancement of our nearest and dearest interests. In supporting our own press, we are performing a great duty, and not a gratuitous act. In this country we are numbered by millions, and yet our beggarly attitude towards our own press scarcely enables the very best publications we have to live. This is not a creditable fact. Let us make amends.—*Ave Maria*.

THE VENERATION OF THE SAINTS A NATURAL ASPIRATION.

To the Catholic mind the worship of our Lady and of the Saints is so much a matter of course that it seems inconceivable that any one should deem such worship idolatrous; but why do non-Catholics deem it so? Because they do not understand what worship is; they have no idea of what we call *Latria*, the worship solely due to Almighty God, which culminates in the august, unbloody sacrifice of the mass. They conceive worship to be simply prayer, and therefore it may be true that the Catholic worship of our Lady and of the Saints equals their worship of God; but it is not true that we worship the Saints as we do God. No; even our

Blessed Lady herself is a creature, and therefore infinitely below her Creator. Who ever heard of mass being offered to the blessed Virgin?

But it would seem that, notwithstanding the often repeated assertion that the invocation of Saints and the veneration of relics is a vain thing, having no certain warranty of Holy Scripture, the *cultus* of the Saints is inherent in man's nature, and why should it not be? Grace supposes nature; it does not deny it; and the church that denies nature is no divine church, for the God of nature and of revelation is the same God. Sin has not a substantial existence; it is the perversion of that which is good; and the natural man, though he be under the curse of original sin, is not totally depraved; he has forfeited supernatural grace, but he is still a man, endowed with reason, conscience and free-will. If he corresponds with God's prevenient grace, he will not die out of the fold of Christ's Holy Catholic Church.

We are willing to admit that the devil, taking advantage of Adam's fall and of man's weakness, consequent on original sin, may prevent, and does prevent, the instincts of man's nature, and we do not deny that he turns that natural reverence which many have for the good and great, into idolatry. But this is the perversion of the natural order, and not its true development. The natural order has its heroes, who are worthy of its homage and reverence, and the natural man knows and feels this, and so erects statues and monuments, and before them enacts those acts of homage which are due to the prototype. In the supernatural order we have also great heroes, and the Church raises them on her altars and bids us honor them as Saints. Should we not obey her? If it is right to uncover one's head before the images of the good and great in the natural order, why is it not equally right to do the same thing before images of our Lady and the Saints. The *cultus* of the saints' prayers to them, asking them to pray to God for us, and also the veneration of their images and relics, is not founded on the errors of Paganism, but corresponds to those instincts of nature which existed long before those ages of darkness and superstition.—*Catholic Advocate*.

CONVERSION OF THE TEUTONIC RACE.

The people to whom St. Augustine was sent by the Holy See were composed of Jutes, Saxons, and Angles, the three most powerful Low German tribes, who dwelt between the mouths of the Elbe, and the Rhine, and at the neck of the Cimbric Chersonesus, or Holstein, where there is still a district called Anglen. They were closely allied to each other by blood and marriage; they all spoke the same language, and were governed by chiefs who claimed descent from one or other of the sons of Woden. They had invaded Britain in the middle of the fifth century when the Jutes settled in Kent, the Isle of Wight and the opposite coast of Hampshire, the Saxons in Essex, Sussex and Wessex, and the Angles in East Anglia, Middle Anglia or Mercia, and the two Northumbrian kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira. The most powerful of these tribes were the Angles, who came over in such numbers that their old home in Germany was quite deserted.

From them the whole nation came to be known on the Continent as Angli, and later as English; while the country was called Angleland, or Engleland. The name Anglo-Saxon was used by Edward the Elder, who, after uniting Northumbria to his own Saxon kingdom of Wessex, sometimes styled himself Rex Anglo-Saxonum, and at other times Rex Anglorum. . . . Thus Anglo-Saxon does not mean the Saxons in England, but the nation composed of Angles and Saxons. We have used in preference, throughout, the name English for the whole nation.

THE PERSECUTION IN JAPAN.

The *Missions Catholiques* republish, with every reservation, the alarming news respecting the recandescence of the persecution directed against the native Japanese Christians. It is certain that so far as the deportation of these Christians to an unknown destination goes, the persecution is actually going on; as to the deaths by starving, exposure on frozen ponds and burning coals, further information seems to us to be required. It is alleged, however, that almost anything might be done to the Christians after their transportation to a distance from their friends, without the European Governments necessarily knowing anything more than the fact of their removal. There is, therefore, all the more reason why we should enter a strong protest against so arbitrary an act as the deportation of these natives for no other offense than the observance of the Christian religion, which has been secretly handed down to them from their forefathers.

Sinox, the most eloquent of the deputies in the German National Assembly of 1848, who, in consequence of his participation in the Revolution of 1849, had been sentenced to death, died, last month, in exile at Montreux, in Switzerland, in his sixty-second year.

Wise and Otherwise.

The last direct relative of Alexis de Tocqueville died recently at Nantes, in France.

"A lot of the prettiest coffins for Christmas you ever saw," was a Kentucky advertisement.

Pawnbrokers and drunkards are always taking pledges; the former sometimes keep them.

The French Government intends to convert one of its West India islands into a penal colony.

It's a way with tailors to recommend things which are much worn when you want to buy new.

"Assaults with intent to become insane" is the way they put it now in announcing deadly attacks.

When Alsace belonged to France, the Government sold there annually eight million francs' worth of tobacco.

"Tite bates," says Josh Billings, "air a luxury, inasmuch as they cause a feller to forget awl his other miseries."

There are in Germany between two and three hundred persons that can fluently speak the ancient Greek language.

Irritable schoolmaster—"Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?" "A mouse, sir."

A scientific writer says that "gluttony is the source of all our diseases." How is it with a man who dies of starvation.

A Mormon from Salt Lake City, traveling with three wives in Hungary, has been arrested at Debretzin as a polygamist.

We don't see that the man who was "straightened by circumstances" walked any more erect than he did previous to that experience.

Judge—Well, you are fond of stealing; if I should let you steal now what would you steal? Prisoner—I would steal away, your Honor.

When sick persons in Metz have no hopes of recovery, they cause themselves to be conveyed across the frontier in order to die on French soil.

The cathedral at Cologne, it is now promised by the architects at work upon that immense structure, will be completed in the year 1888.

The last year's pecan-crop in Texas is estimated at over one million bushels for export, which will realize to that State several million dollars.

Alexander Borgia, the grand commander of the famous order of the Knights of St. John, died a few weeks ago at Rome, in his eighty-eighth year.

A physician in New Hampshire has used the same horse for twenty-six consecutive years. The animal shows what air and exercise will do for health and length of days.

A lady being asked what was her husband's occupation, said he was engaged in "finishing." It was subsequently ascertained that it was a term in the penitentiary to which she referred.

Jacob Staempfli, the Swiss member of the Geneva Court of Arbitration, is the son of a poor Bernese peasant, and during his youth worked for several years on a farm in the Jura mountains.

Eight out of every ten tobacco-chewers in the regions where the plant is raised use the natural leaf twisted up into hanks and free of honey, liquorice-juice, or other modern adulteration.

In condemning late hours for dinner, a medical journal says that within four hundred years the dinner-hour was gradually moved through twelve hours of the day—from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.

An old farmer in Maine, who had hoarded away during many long years four hundred dollars in old silver Spanish coins, sold the lot last week for two dollars less than its face value, after much dickering.

A shoemaker at Metz has invented and patented a new method of taking the measure for boots and shoes. By means of an ingenious contrivance he obtains a perfect impression of the foot, and gives his customers a faultless fit.

Count Andrassy, the Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, is now an intimate personal friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Twenty-three years ago the Emperor issued orders that Count Andrassy should be put to death as soon as apprehended.

A California savant has invented a machine to enable people to sleep with their fingers touching their toes, and thus prolong life indefinitely, according to his theory. He apparently believes, with Prospero, that "our little life is rounded by a sleep."

When the German indemnity is paid, France will have the largest national debt of any country in the world, amounting in round numbers to four billion five hundred million dollars, or more than double the present amount of the public debt of the United States.

Since the reign of the Emperor Maximilian I. (1594) the Austrian armies have fought no fewer than nearly seven thousand battles, or one to every fifteen days. Since the year 1600, Austria has had one hundred and eleven years of peace, and one hundred and sixty years of war.

A good instance of sharp practice is that of a man in Ohio who was acquitted of murder on a plea of insanity. He had secured his lawyers by giving them a mortgage on his farm, but now repudiates the mortgage on the ground that he was insane when he made it, according to the showing of these same lawyers.

Marshal MacMahon receives the highest salary of any general of the French army—seventy thousand francs a year. The rest of the marshals get only thirty thousand francs. General Ladmirault, the military governor of Paris, has fifty thousand. The generals commanding army corps receive thirty-five thousand, and the generals of divisions, twenty thousand francs.

After long and patient experiment, a California horticulturist discovered that petroleum would kill the borer that infests the orchards of the Golden State. The fact was made known far and wide, and many fruit-growers availed themselves of the valuable discovery. By their experiments the further fact was established that petroleum not only killed the borer but the tree!

The poet Grillparzer was on intimate terms with the ill-ated Maximilian of Mexico. The Archduke wrote execrable poetry, but thought he was rather a favorite son of the Muses. One day he sent Grillparzer an ivy leaf, accompanied by a poem. Grillparzer thanked the prince for his attention, acknowledging the receipt of the leaf, but saying nothing about the poem. A few days afterward the two met at a party, and the Archduke asked Grillparzer if he had not received the poem. "Oh, yes," replied the old dramatist, "I have; but, if I had written anything about it, it would have encouraged your imperial highness to write more of the same kind, which you had better not do." Maximilian never wrote another line of poetry afterward.

Educational.**SANTA CLARA COLLEGE,**
Santa Clara, California.

Under the management of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The Santa Clara College was founded in 1851, and in 1855 was incorporated, with the privileges of a University. Diplomas are given in two departments—the Classical and Scientific. The College buildings are large and commodious, while extensive play-grounds, with two covered gymnasiums, a swimming-pond, etc., afford every facility for healthful exercise.

The College possesses a very complete philosophical apparatus, and valuable collections of Mineralogy and Geology. It has also practical schools of Telegraphy, Photography and Surveying. Assaying of native ores is taught in a thoroughly fitted chemical laboratory.

The scholastic year, which is divided into two sessions of five months each, commences in August, and closes toward the beginning of June.

TERMS,

Payable semi-annually in advance:

Matriculation Fee, to be paid but once \$15.00
Board, Lodging, Tuition, Washing and Mending of Linen, School Stationery, Medical Attendance and Medicines, Baths, Fuel, Light, per year 350.00

Modern Languages, Drawing and Music form extra charges. For Clothing, Books, Pocket-money, and the like, no advance is made by the Institution. For further particulars, apply to

REV. A. VARS, S. J., President.

FRANCISCAN COLLEGE,

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

THE FIFTH SESSION OF THIS INSTITUTION, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Francis, will commence on August 16.

The object of this institution is to give a good English, Mathematical, Classical and Philosophical Education at the lowest possible cost—a want long felt in California—and thereby bring its advantages within the reach of all.

TERMS:

Entrance Fee, to be paid but once \$15.00
Tuition, Board and Washing, per session of ten and a half months 150.00
Music, French and German form extra charges. Those who spend their vacation at the College will be charged \$30.

Payments must be made semi-annually in advance.

Parents will pay for medical attendance, and supply toilet articles, etc.

Money will not be advanced by the College; for the purchase of necessary articles, a sufficient sum must be deposited.

For further particulars, apply to

REV. J. J. O'KEEFE, O. S. F.

DAY SCHOOLS

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE SISTERS OF MERCY have just completed a commodious School Building on First Street, near Bryant, where girls will be taught the various branches of an English education.

A Boys' School is being prepared on Rincon Place, and will be placed in charge of competent teachers.

Both Schools will be opened on the 12th of June, 1871.

SISTER MARY B. RUSSELL,

Superior of Sisters of Mercy.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE,

Rohnerville, Humboldt County, California

CONDUCTED BY THE PRIESTS OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

THIS INSTITUTION IS SITUATED ON A picturesque elevation at the confluence of Van Duzen and Eel rivers, and near the town of Rohnerville. It is accessible from the chief towns in the vicinity by daily stages, and from other parts of the State by vessels and steamers, via San Francisco and Eureka.

The course of studies is classical, scientific and commercial. Splendid apparatus has been secured for teaching the natural sciences.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

(Payable half-yearly, in advance.)

For board, lodging, tuition, washing and mending, etc., to be paid only once \$225.00
Entrance fee, to be paid only once 10.00
Vacation at College 40.00

DAY PUPILS:

Senior Class \$60.00
Junior Class 40.00

Music, vocal and instrumental, drawing, and modern languages will form extra charges. The two sessions of the scholastic year commence, respectively, on the 16th of August and the 16th of January.

All communications regarding the College to be addressed to the Secretary, REV. F. ANTHONY.

Very Rev. P. HENNEBERRY,
Superior.

Educational.**SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,

Conducted by the Christian Brothers,

Offers every facility for acquiring a thorough Education, whether Classical, Scientific, or Commercial.

Those who complete the Classical Course receive the degree of A. B.; the Scientific B. S.; the Commercial, Master of Accounts. The Commercial Course has been established for the convenience of those who wish to acquire a good practical education in as short a time as possible.

While proper care is bestowed on every branch in the College, our own language receives special attention. The daily exercises of the Students in Grammar, Composition and Rhetoric are publicly discussed and corrected in the class-room.

TERMS PER SCHOLASTIC YEAR,

Payable half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition and Washing \$250.00
Entrance Fee 10.00
Physician's Fee and Medicines 5.00
Vacation at College 40.00
Day Students 60.00

Modern Languages, Music, and Drawing form extra charges.

REV. BROTHER JUSTIN,

President.

College of Notre Dame,

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

This institution, which is incorporated according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer academical honors, will commence the Twenty-First Annual Session on Monday, August, 21st, 1871. The course of instruction embraces all the branches of a thorough education.

TERMS:

Entrance, to be paid but once \$15.00
Board and Tuition, per quarter 62.00
Washing, per quarter 12.00
Physicians' Fees, per quarter 2.50

Piano, Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges, but there is no extra charge for the French, Spanish, or German Languages, nor for Plain Sewing and Fancy Needle-work.

Payments are required to be made half a session in advance. Pupils will find it much to their advantage to be present at the opening of the session.

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE,
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

This Institution, chartered according to the laws of the State of California, and empowered to confer Degrees, is situated in the City of Los Angeles, proverbial for the salubrity of its climate and the beauty of its scenery. The Faculty is composed of the Fathers of the Congregation of the Mission of St. Vincent De Paul, who devote themselves to promote the health and happiness, as well as the intellectual and moral advancement of the students entrusted to their care.

The College is open to all over the age of ten years, who are competent to enter the primary course, and who come with respectable recommendations, provided they comply with the rules and discipline of the College, which, though strict, are nevertheless mild and parental.

STUDIES.

The course of studies embraces a full course of English and Classical Literature, the various branches of Mathematics, Ancient and Modern Languages; and also, a Commercial Department, to prepare young men for every branch of business.

TERMS:

For Board, Lodging and Tuition, per Scholastic Year \$250.00
Washing, per Scholastic Year 30.00
Piano and use of Instrument, per Month 8.00
Violin, Guitar, Flute, etc., each, per month 6.00
Vacation at the College 40.00

Those who learn to play on one of the above named instruments will have the privilege of using a brass instrument free of charge, otherwise there will be a charge of \$3 per month.

For further information, apply to

REV. JAMES MAGILL, C. M.

President.

ST. VINCENT'S SCHOOL.

This Institution is situated in Santa Barbara, a short distance from the sea, in the most delightful and healthy part of the city. The grounds are extensive, and the building is large and convenient.

The course of instruction embraces the usual branches of a thorough English education. Spanish is also taught.

TERMS,

Invariably half-yearly in advance:

Board, Tuition, Bed, Bedding, Washing, etc., per annum \$200.00
Piano and use of Instrument, per month, \$6.50 68.00
Guitar, per month, \$5 52.50

No extra charge for Plain Sewing, Fancy Needle-work, etc.

The Scholastic Year of ten months and a half commences August 16th, and terminates on the last Thursday of June.

For particulars, apply to

SISTERS OF CHARITY,

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Educational.**ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE,**

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

This Literary Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, was opened for the reception of students on the 15th October, 1855. It was incorporated, according to the laws of the State, on the 30th of April, 1859, and empowered to confer academical degrees with "such literary honors as are granted by any University in the United States."

The design of the Institution is to give a thorough Classical, Mathematical, and Philosophical education. But besides the Classical, there is also a Commercial Course.

The College is intended for day-scholars only.

The hours of class are from 9 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M.

Punctual attendance is indispensable. In case of absence or tardiness, a note from the parents or guardians will be required.

Frequent tardiness or absence exposes the offender to the loss of his seat.

Every Thursday of the academic year is a holiday.

TERMS PER MONTH, IN ADVANCE:

(No deduction is made except in case of long illness.)

Tuition in Preparatory Department \$3.00
Grammar Department 5.00
Higher Department 8.00

EXTRA CHARGES:

For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy, and Chemicals, first year, per month \$3.00
For the use of Instruments, etc., second year, per month 5.00
For each Academical degree 10.00

Book Trade.**MICHAEL FLOOD,**
CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER.

Has recently received the following

New Books:

The Monks of the West, by the Count Montalembert \$8.00
Catholic Almanac and Directory, 1872 1.00
Illustrated Catholic Almanac 25
Irish Am'n 25
The Devil; Does he Exist? 1.25
The story of Ireland, by A. M. Sullivan 2.00
Hibernian Nights Entertainment 1.75
Legends and Fairy Tales of Ireland 2.00
History of the Irish Brigade 5.00
Mary Stewart, by Malines 1.75
Paulest Sermons (new) 1.50
Origin and History—Irish Names of Places 2.50
The Passion Play 1.50
Revelations of St. Gertrude 3.00
Lives of the Popes, complete 16.00
Florence O'Neill, or the Siege of Limerick 1.50
McCarthy More, by Mr. Sadline 1.00

A large assortment of

CRUCIFIXES,

ROSARIES,

STATUARY,

BOOKS, Etc.

Books sent free, by mail, on receipt of the advertised price.

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685 Market Street, San Francisco.

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Musical Instruments,

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Having correspondents on the Continent, as well as in the Eastern States, the undersigned can fill whatever order the Rev. Clergy, or Catholic Societies, may wish to be filled.

A. WALDTEUFEL.

Advertisements.**H. C. BATEMAN,**
Catholic Bookseller.

VESTMENTS, HOLY BIBLES, REMONSTRANCES, PRAYER BOOKS, CHALICES, PYXES, MISSALS, BREVIARIES.

203 Kearny Street, cor. Sutter.

Have just received a fine stock of the above articles, with a splendid assortment of all the Catholic and Irish books published in the United States and Ireland; and a fine selection of Velvet, Pearl and Ivory Prayer Books, and all other fine Catholic articles.

1872. Spring Arrivals. 1872.

LANDERS, BYRNE & CO.

Have just opened, and now offer for sale, their splendid stock of Spring

DRY GOODS,

Consisting in part of

PIQUES, in endless variety;
BRILLIANTES,
SATIN STRIPES, something new;
ORGANDIES, the latest out for wrappers;
CAMBRICS AND LAWNS in all shades;
JAPANESE SILKS, brocaded and striped;
SUMMER SILKS, from \$1.25 up;

BLACK SILKS,

Of the very best makes, direct from Lyons;

And the World Renowned

IRISH POPLINS,

In all shades, direct from PIMBROS, Dublin.

IN OUR GENERAL

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

Will be found a splendid line of Goods, from 25 cents upward, suitable for Suits, specially adapted for the coming season,

HOSIERY,

GLOVES,

HANDKERCHES,

EMBROIDERIES,

LACES AND SMALL WARES.

Housekeeping Goods

Being a specialty with us, our patrons can always depend on finding this department well worthy of their consideration.

As the above stock of Goods was purchased at the lowest cash prices, before the late advance, our numerous patrons and friends will have the benefit of the best selected stock of goods in town, at the very lowest prices.

LANDERS, BYRNE & CO.,

No. 4 Third Street.

JOHN D. YOST.

H. S. CROCKER.

H. S. CROCKER & CO.,

STATIONERS,

Printers and Lithographers,

401 and 403 Sansome Street,

Cor. of Sacramento, SAN FRANCISCO.

Sacramento House, 42 and 44 J Street.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

BUSH STREET,

BET. MONTGOMERY AND SANSOME,

Adjoining the New Mercantile Library.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER DAY.

KELLY & WOOD,

PROPRIETORS.

The Coach, plainly marked "BROOKLYN HOTEL," will be at the Railroad Depots and Steamboat Landings, to convey guests to the Hotel, free of charge.

CARPETS.

AXMINSTER,

MOQUETTE,

WILTON,

VELVET,

BODY BRUSSELS,

LACE CURTAINS,

BROCADELLE, REPS, TERRY, DAMASKS, ETC.,

And full and complete stock of

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

The Largest Stock on the Pacific Coast. Call and examine before purchasing.

FRANK G. EDWARDS,

Nos. 628, 630 and 642 Clay Street,

AND

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Every kind of Wall Paper Decoration made to order.

Advertisements.**GRAND CONSOLIDATION**

— OF —

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.

— AND —

TAAFFE & CO

— AT —

No. 7 New Montgomery Street.

The undersigned now offer to the Public the whole of their large stock of Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS,

Together with that of

TAAFFE & CO.,

At a great sacrifice.

Having combined the stocks of the two stores, we are determined to give our customers, and the public generally, an opportunity to purchase Dry Goods

Cheaper than Ever Before,

and call particular attention to this sale.

The Combined Stocks comprise a complete assortment of SILKS, DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, HOSIERY, LACES,

EMBROIDERIES,

All Kinds of Housekeeping Goods,

MOURNING GOODS,

And in fact every article kept by a first-class Dry Goods Store, and at prices to suit everybody.

Call and examine our Goods and Prices, and we are satisfied you will pronounce our Goods cheaper than any ever before offered.

This stock of Dry Goods must be sold, to make room for large Spring importations.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.

7 Montgomery Street.

California Building & Loan SOCIETY,**IN BANKRUPTCY.****NOTICE OF SECOND DIVIDEND.**

Under and by virtue of our authority as Trustees in Bankruptcy of the estate of the California Building and Loan Society, bankrupt, and by and with the advice and consent of the Committee of Creditors, we hereby declare a second dividend of twenty-five (25) per cent. of the assets of said bankruptcy, payable on and after the first day of March, A. D. 1872, at the Bank premises, No. 405 California Street, San Francisco, to all creditors whose claims have been duly allowed by Samuel J. Clarke, Jr., Register in Bankruptcy.

The third meeting of creditors of said bankruptcy will be held on said first day of March, A. D. 1872, at 12 A. M., at the same place.

Insurance.

Fire and Marine Insurance.

**UNION
INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF SAN FRANCISCO.THE CALIFORNIA LLOYDS,
ESTABLISHED IN 1861.
Nos. 416 and 418 California St.Cash Capital, - - \$750,000 Gold
Assets Exceed - - \$1,000,000 CoinFAIR RATES,
PROMPT SETTLEMENT OF LOSSES,
SOLID SECURITY.GUSTAVE TOUCHARD, President.
N. G. KITTLE, Vice-President.
CHARLES D. HAVEN, Secretary.
Geo. T. BOHEN, Surveyor.**THE PEENIX AND HOME
Fire Insurance Companies,**
OF HARTFORD AND NEW YORK.DEPARTMENT FOR THE PACIFIC COAST,
424 CALIFORNIA STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

R. H. MAGILL, Manager.

FLETCHER & CO., CITY AGENTS.
DAN. KELLEY, Solicitor.**THE
STATE INVESTMENT
AND
INSURANCE COMPANY.**Capital, - - - \$200,000,
U. S. GOLD COIN,
In 2000 Shares of \$100 Each.
Payment in Four Installments of Twenty-five
(25) per cent. each, in Gold Coin.**FIRE, MARINE,
AND
INLAND NAVIGATION
INSURANCE.**TYLER CURTIS, President.
PETER DONAHUE, Vice-President.
CHAS. H. CUSHING, Secretary.
THOS. N. CAZNEAU, MARINE DIRECTOR.
San Francisco, November 2d, 1871.**CALIFORNIA
CRACKER COMPANY**

FRED'G CLAY & WESKE BROS.

Desire to call your attention to their

**PATENT
STEAM CRACKER,
CAKE, AND
Ship Biscuit Bakery,**

LOCATED AT

Nos. 803, 805 & 807 Battery St.,
SAN FRANCISCO.**COAL AND WOOD,
At the Lowest Market Prices,**
of the Best Quality,

DELIVERED IN ANY PART OF THE CITY,

For Sale by

P. LYNCH,

To Larkin Street, between Ellis and Eddy.

Advertisements.NEW STYLES,
LATEST NOVELTIES.**J. W. TUCKER & CO.,
Jewelers,**Nos. 101 & 103 MONTGOMERY STREET,
San Francisco,Offer for the Holidays the largest and best
selected stock of Fine Goods ever offered in
this market or any other.**SULLIVAN, KELLY & CO.**NW. Cor. Pine and Front Streets,
Where they offer for sale
THE LARGEST STOCK OF**PAINTS,
OILS,
GLASS, etc., etc.**ON THE PACIFIC COAST,
At the Lowest Market Rates.101, 103, 105 FRONT STREET,
110 PINE STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.**CHANCE'S
Crystal Metal Glass.**

To Architects, Builders, and Others.

BIRMINGHAM, October 20, 1871.
We have this day appointed Messrs.**SULLIVAN, KELLY & CO.**of San Francisco, our SOLE AGENTS for the
exclusive sale of our 21 oz. and 26 oz. Crystal
Sheet Glass, for the Pacific States and Terri-
tories.CHANCE BROTHERS & CO.,
Birmingham, England.**WASON & MORRIS,
Successors to J. R. KELLY,
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE****House and Sign Painters,**

GILDING AND GLAZING,

Imitations of Wood and Marble.

Banners, Flags and Military Standards painted to order.

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BRUSHES, GLASS, ETC.,

No. 38 CALIFORNIA STREET,

Two doors below Davis Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

**Under the Occidental Hotel,
112 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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At the well-known Jewelry Store of

ANDERSON & RANDOLPH,

you can buy

Watches,

Diamonds and

Silverware

Of the Finest Quality, of the Latest Styles,
and at the Lowest Prices.**Watches Repaired.**JAMES ANDERSON,
WM. C. RANDOLPH.**C. MOODY,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,**

DEALER IN

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Toilet and Fancy Articles and Perfumery,

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Use.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

200 and 202 Kearny Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.**MURPHY, GRANT & CO.**Corner of Sansome and Bush Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Are constantly receiving a large variety of

Gents' Furnishing Goods,

COMPRISING

HALF HOSE—Silk, Cotton, and Woolen.

JOUVIN'S KID GLOVES.

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS—Silk, Cotton,
and Merino.

SUSPENDERS, TIES, SCARFS.

UMBRELLAS—Silk and Gingham.

LINEN SHIRTS AND COLLARS.

HANDKERCHIEFS—Silk, Linen, Cotton.

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

To which they invite particular attention.

Advertisements.**CENTRAL HOTEL,
814 and 816 Sansome Street,
Between Broadway and Pacific, SAN FRANCISCO.**THIS NEW, LARGE AND COMMODIOUS
Hotel has been thoroughly renovated by the well-
known proprietor, M. FARRELL, late proprietor of
the Brooklyn House, where he will be happy to receive
his numerous friends and the public in general. Thank-
ful for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance
of their future patronage.
There is a fire-proof safe in the House, where money
and valuables can be kept at the risk of the proprietor.
The Central House Coach will be at each car depot and
steamboat landing, to convey passengers to the House
free of charge.Price of board to suit the times.
Parties sending for their friends to the States, or who
expect any, will please notify MICHAEL FARRELL,
and he will attend to them on their arrival, and forward
them to their friends with due care, and thus save much
trouble.
The strictest attention will be paid to the comfort of
the patrons of this House.

MICHAEL FARRELL, Proprietor.

**MASSEY & YUNG,
PRACTICAL FURNISHING
UNDERTAKERS.**

Barstow's Burial Caskets always on hand,

and Agents for Fisk's Metallic Burial Cases.

Everything necessary for funerals kept con-
stantly on hand. Orders from the country will
receive prompt attention, at moderate charges.Office: 651 SACRAMENTO STREET,
between Kearny and Webb.

W. S. GREEN. J. B. DEJARNATT.

**W. S. GREEN & CO.
Real Estate Agents.**

OFFICE:

Cor. Montgomery and Market Streets,

Over Hibernia Bank, SAN FRANCISCO.

Have reliable business connections in every
County in California, and in the State of
Oregon.**"GREEN'S LAND PAPER"**Is an AUTHORITY on all Land Matters. We
start off with a circulation of 10,000! Copies
furnished free! Send for one!Advertisements only 25 cents per line. The
best Advertising Medium in the State. For
our other offices, list of agents, etc., see
"GREEN'S LAND PAPER."**ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL,**Corner of First and Bryant Streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

This Institution is under the management

of the SISTERS OF MERCY.

JAMES MURPHY, M. D., Visiting Physician.

S. C. LANE, M. D., Visiting Surgeon.

A. E. BELINGER, M. D., Resident Physician.

TERMS,

Payable monthly in advance, for board, medi-
cines, attendance, etc.

In the wards, \$10 per week.

In rooms, with one or more, 15 "

In private rooms, 20 "

Liquors and washing, extra.

Confinement cases, \$10 extra.

Money always refunded in case a patient
leaves before the expiration of the month.Benevolent Societies are not required to pay
in advance.**The "Catholic Annual" for 1872.**

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THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY

ALMANAC, for 1872.

Thirty-five first-class Illustrations.

144 PAGES, 12 MO., TINTED PAPER.

Single copies, 25 cents; one dozen copies,
\$2.50; one hundred copies, \$16.

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General Agent,

No. 9 Warren Street, New York.

CLOTHING.**P. J. SULLIVAN & CO.**

DEALERS IN FINE

Custom-made Clothing

AND

FURNISHING GOODS,

28 THIRD STREET.

CLOTHING.**STYLISH GARMENTS**

TO ORDER AT

BULLOCK & JONES',

421 Montgomery Street.

Travelers' Guide.**C. P. R. R.
March 10, 1872.****San Francisco and Sacramento.**

Leave going East.	San Fran.	Arrive from the East.
4:30 P.M.	San Fran.	8:30 P.M.
4:35 "	Oakland.	8:35 "
4:40 "	San Jose.	8:40 "
5:35 "	Niles.	9:35 "
5:40 "	Lathrop.	9:40 "
5:45 "	Stockton.	9:45 "
5:50 "	Sacramento.	9:50 "
5:55 "	Arrive from the West.	10:00 "

San Francisco and San Jose.

Leave going South.		Arrive from the South.
3:30 P.M.	San Fran.	10:40 A.M.
4:00 "	Niles.	8:35 "
4:30 "	San Jose.	7:50 "
5:30 "		
Arrive from the North.		Leave going North.

Stockton, Lathrop and Merced.

Leave going South.	Stockton	Arrive from the South.
9:45 A.M.	Stockton	10:20 A.M.
9:50 "	Lathrop.	9:30 "
9:55 "	Modesto.	8:20 P.M.
10:00 "	Merced.	8:15 "
10:05 "	Arrive from the North.	Leave going North.

Sacramento, Colfax, Reno and**Ogden.**

Leave going East.	Sacra'to.	Arrive from the East.
2:00 P.M.	Sacra'to.	2:30 P.M.
5:40 "	Colfax.	10:20 A.M.
5:45 "	Reno.	2:10 "
5:50 "	Winnica.	4:15 P.M.
5:55 "	Battle Mt.	1:25 "
6:00 "	Elko.	8:45 A.M.
6:05 "	Ogden.	5:20 P.M.
6:10 "	Arrive from the West.	Leave going West.

Sacramento, Marysville and**Red Bluff.**

Leave going North.	Sacra'to.	Arrive from the North.
8:45 A.M.	Sacra'to.	1:05 P.M.
9:15 "	Junction.	12:15 "
9:30 "	Marysville.	10:20 A.M.
9:45 "	Tehama.	6:50 "
10:00 "	Red Bluff.	5:30 A.M.
10:15 "	Arrive from the South.	Leave going South.

EXPLANATIONS.For trains running "from" San Francisco, take the
left-hand column and read "downwards."
For trains running "toward" San Francisco, take the
right-hand column and read "upward."

OAKLAND BRANCH.—Leave San Francisco—

7:00, 8:10, 9:20, 10:30 and 11:20 A.M.; 1:30, 3:00,
4:00, 5:15, 6:30, 8:00, 9:20 and 11:30 P.M. (9:20, 11:20
and 3:00, to Oakland only.)LEAVE BROOKLYN—5:30, 6:40, 7:50, 9:00 and 11:00
A.M.; 1:30, 2:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:40 and 10:10 P.M.LEAVE OAKLAND—5:40, 6:50, 8:00, 9:10, 10:00 and
11:10 A.M.; 12:00, 1:40, 2:50, 3:50, 5:05, 6:20, 7:50 and
10:20 P.M.

ALAMEDA BRANCH.—Leave San Francisco—

7:00, 9:00 and 11:15 A.M.; 1:30, 4:00, 5:30 and 7:00 P.M.
(7:20, 11:15 and 5:30 to Fruit Valley only.)LEAVE HAYWARD—4:30, 7:00 and 10:45 A.M. and
3:30 P.M.LEAVE FRUIT VALLEY—5:25, 7:35, 9:00 and 11:20 A.M.
1:30, 4:05 and 5:30 P.M.

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.

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